

2020

Zinobiology

a

Homestuck Field Guide





TW :

body horror, nudity
buggy appearance,
discussion of
dysphoria, and
scopophobia



A Brief Study of The Seadwelling Troll Subtypes

well lets just dive in to the facts shall we, as I really haven't the time or the space for fluffon with the facts!

A standard individual of the violet caste has a slimmer build, with more **compact muscle**, ideal for shallow, fresh and mid-depth water IE rivers, lakes and ocean depths of up to, **3,281 feet (1,000m)**.

While the fuchsia caste with their dense fat layer and **cartilage** based skeleton is uniquely developed for **deep sea** environments surpassing the bathypelagic and abyssopelagic zone, or depths of **19,686 feet (6,000m)**.

Though the biological mechanism for how they survive past these depths is **unknown**, many speculate that it is due to the interference of their **lusus**, though if so, this seems to come at the price of **genetic instability** as fuchsias are significantly less common than even the violet caste with only **one per generation**, a symptom of otherwise unprecedented grub mortality, and shockingly low genetic diversity, leading to most being genetically identical and developing only **minor** mutations in early adulthood

Arms come down to knees
hands and fingers are long and webbed with distinctly talon like claws

Feet on both fuchsia and violet subspecies are elongated and webbed for improved maneuvering underwater

a split/variant horn is one of the most common mutations in the fuchsia caste

where as the violet types hands are thin and generally long fuchsias tend to be wider, likely an adaptation difference do to the depth each evolved to handle

Illustration shows two trolls in early adulthood
violet(left), and fuchsia(right)

This study will be comprised of **disparate** material from on and off field as information on such groups is **distinctly dangerous** and **hard** to come by. Such close accounts were only made possible by our lovely **volunteer** subjects.



Sides of tooth
are serrated

fig 1.

Shed Seadweller
Tooth!

a cast off from a
full grown fuchsia!

The fuchsia subtype especially seems to
share a lot biologically and **structurally**
with shark type lusii including the cartilage
based skeletal system which allows them
to keep low weight and prevents the
shattering of bones at high pressure

Teeth are about 2 inches long, and come in approximate sets of 30. Fuchsia
and violet teeth seem to be shed semi-regularly and regrown as needed

The sclera of the fuchsias eye darkens overtime becoming a pitch black
by 10 sweeps this helps the eye absorb light in more extreme low light
environments

fig 2

fig 3

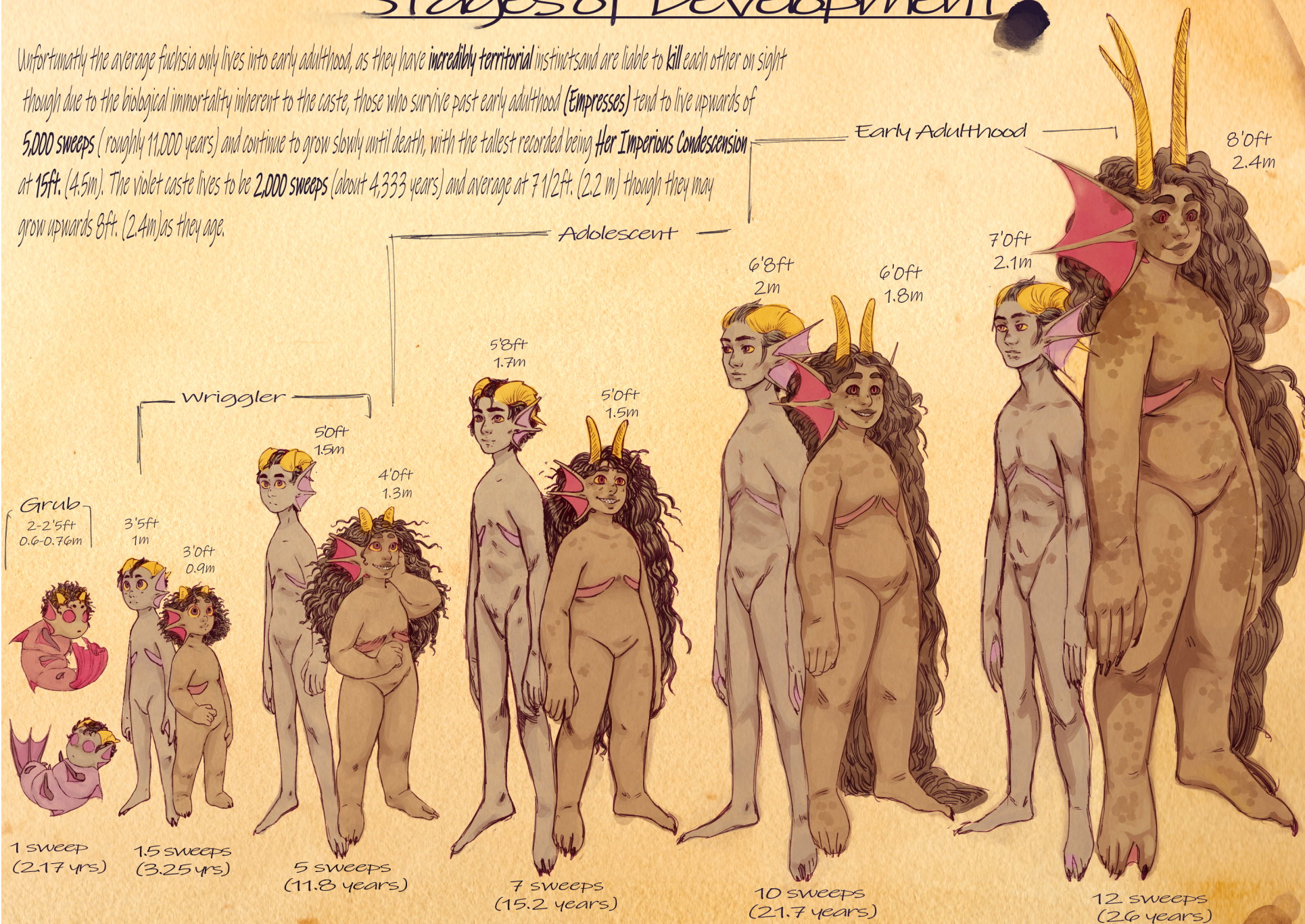
The long cartilage structure of the fins
catches vibrations in the water and carries
it to the ear canal allowing improved hearing
and navigation underwater. A sea dwellers
fins are also crucial for emotive and
threat display

damnit
damnit
damnit

*none of the height measurements include horns

Stages of Development

Unfortunately the average fuchsia only lives into early adulthood, as they have **incredibly territorial** instincts and are liable to **kill** each other on sight though due to the biological immortality inherent to the caste, those who survive past early adulthood (**Empresses**) tend to live upwards of **5,000 sweeps** (roughly 11,000 years) and continue to grow slowly until death, with the tallest recorded being **Her Imperious Condensation** at **15ft. (4.5m)**. The violet caste lives to be **2,000 sweeps** (about 4,333 years) and average at **7 1/2ft. (2.2 m)** though they may grow upwards **8ft. (2.4m)** as they age.



Chapter 18

Exploration on Topics of Transhood on Trolls

For my time is not Long and the drones seek me,
I will be brief (inside joke, I will not).

Of all the injustices of the empire this one might look trivial, but not to me, not to my sisters and my siblings and my brothers. Of course the empirical offense of gender faking is faced with the same cold blade to the neck as existing as a Lowblood, but a girl can have impostor syndrome.

The colloquial term of genderfaking,
or like what we rather call it "the act of being
transgender". Is where the Handmaid (may She find

solace in the end of all things) comes at you inside
your egg and obliterates the gender you were supposed
to be leaving the grub struggling to find peace in a
new one. We don't know why She works like this,
but it's all part of the Big Plan for the forthcoming

of the Angel of Double Death. One will never feel
comfortable in their assigned role, | |

one will ever desire softness where they were not given, and the strength they were denied.

There is a number of other explains as to why, this one is the one that most makes sense to me vis a vis my personal beliefs.

This is of course a offense punishable by death by the rule of Her Imperious Condescension (blessed be Her name, cursed be Her enemies). The exact reason as my matesprit explained to me once was exactly "absolute and utter bullshit made as a fascist tactic to deny trolls the right of expression and keeping them in line for better culling".

I Love my matesprit.

"It's fake and there are at least six different laws explaining why it's punishable by death, all of them

contradict each other," she started "as a teal blood i have access to hundred of thousands of pages of legal paraphernalia (punishable by death for most of other blood colors to see mind you) and none of it makes sense."



There are ways to Legally be trans in the Expanded Alternian Spatial empire. One needs to see about five Mind Weavers and beat them all in social perfostrife (in a perfect replication of all gender roles of the desire gender nonetheless) in varying acts of difficulty depending on one's caste. Most warmbloods are sent to waiting lines so large they would be exiled and eventually culled before they can see the the first Mind Weaver.

If one is blessed enough to be able to start extra Legal transition before being exiled from alternia they would be in a state not exactly described as privilege, but as "forever being obligated to perform their chosen gender else they will be culled on spot" and yes there are also very rigid gender roles for extra binary genders. Dozens upon hundreds of labels with very specific arbitrary performative rules made by unknown gendercrafters.

Now we know these genders are all made up (quite a lot of things are made up in fact). Alternia does not allow for one to choose their own extra binary gender,

but instead to take a personality test with caste bias that will assign them one they will have to forever follow lest they are deemed a trenderfaker. Not only being a trenderfaker is illegal, but to be in the presence of a trenderfaker and not cull them is also a cullable offense (known as trendabetting).

Trenderfakers are kinda of a sort of radioactive entity that will legally poison everyone around them and doom them to the blade of Legislacerator.

My matesprit told me of cases of whole planets having to be purged because of a single purple blood trenderfaker that was rather strong and soon the whole planet was deemed "to cull" because they didn't understand why the act of wearing jewelry was highest priority for their assigned extra binary gender.

The level of makeupness and fakeness of all of this is absurd. I hate it here.



In fact we can't even properly explain why trolls have divergent hormonal organs on birth.

We know quite a few alien species where that is relevant to their reproduction, but it isn't for us. It's unclear why bodies are gendered in the first place and why the Law of Her Imperious Condescension (blessed be Her name, cursed be Her enemies) forces us to perform our gender so much to do point of constantly killing any gender non conforming troll.

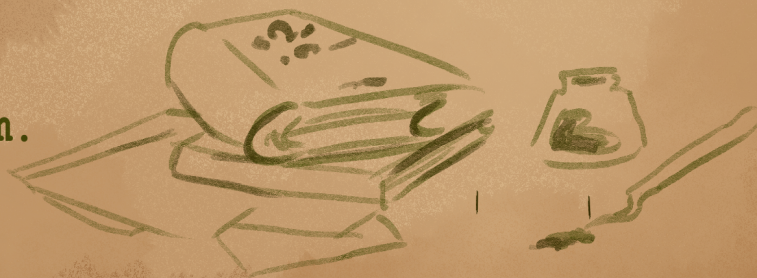
I'm a trans woman jade blood.

My kind is not meant to be alive.

Those jades who are not blessed with the right hormonal organs are usually culled right after hatching.

Of course there are those like me who are oversight, who will be killed six sweeps later when our hormonal organs start producing the fruits of our illegal existence.

I was a bookworm.



6.

I Learned about this and realized that was my case so I figured out a way of committing a crime that would not get me culled, but only a early exile into the military, hiding my blood color from others and finding illegal plastic growth soon i was an enemy of the empire, but i was alive and i was myself

Of course this is besides the topic.

The effects of artificial hormones, more known as plastical growth are made to stop hormonal organs from producing undesirable, dysphoria inducing hormones and try to change the body the best it can. There's a series of side effects: some mild and some quite terrible like infertility (quite deadly in an empire where one needs to give away biological material to live), acne, mood swings, headaches from mild to terrible not mentioning to the withdrawal side effects.

Different effects of different hormones includes things like height, fat distribution, baldness, bones, muscle, breast development-

Breasts.

That is an interesting topic because most troll schoolars can't properly explain why we have them in the first place.

There are many things that are very hard to explain like why there is sexual dimorphism in the first place and breasts are a interesting topic because we have no idea what is their purpose besides being cool to look at (and i'm quite a fan of mine).

Some say they are a vestigial organ from hypothetical elder evolutionary stages (which we have very little info on), some say they are some sort of imbued cushion for safe landing, some go even wilder and try to bring alternian creation myths into this topic including the angels of destruction, but most of that theory is treated as a joke by anyone with any decent amount of clout.

It's also weird why trans women desire them and trans men want them gone. No one can really explain, but as complicated relations with them are merely dialectic the fact we cannot explain it doesn't change our desires.

It's unsure why gender affects us so much in the first place.

The alternian constitution says all trolls are born equal (and so does every good troll jokes book) and despite it being called a matriarchal society, masculine presenting trolls are clearly in a position of privilege. Women are constantly held by higher expectations and expected higher levels of violence and barely allowed to show emotion.

Although toxic masculinity exists and men can't express their feelings either and a series of other things.

Legal plastic growth is dangerous, sometimes it might just not work at all and the effects are usually very weak by design compared to it's illegal counterpart, that is even more dangerous and the few that can produce it are pretty much a cartel that have a monopoly over their hyper expensive product.

Some try to homemade it with varying results

from tragic deaths to explosions to almost functional hormones.

It's important to take note that expectations for trans trolls are bad as most of them are culled very soon and wait lines are immense. Their role in society will never be the same after coming out and they will never be properly respected again.

Yes it's terrible, but if you would lend me a corny pass for one free corny sentence here it is:

Life for us is not easy at all, but we support each other and I promise things get better and they will be better. Being ourselves should not be a crime and if we stand together we can win.

-Lioste Leisle on Transgenderism of Trolls.

Alternian Grub: 3 weeks:

Newborn:



Newborn grubs are no larger than one's index finger. Their eyes are small and the grub is pretty much blind for a couple of days.



Grub can now open its eyes and wander on its own. Antennae develop into horns during this stage.

6 Weeks:

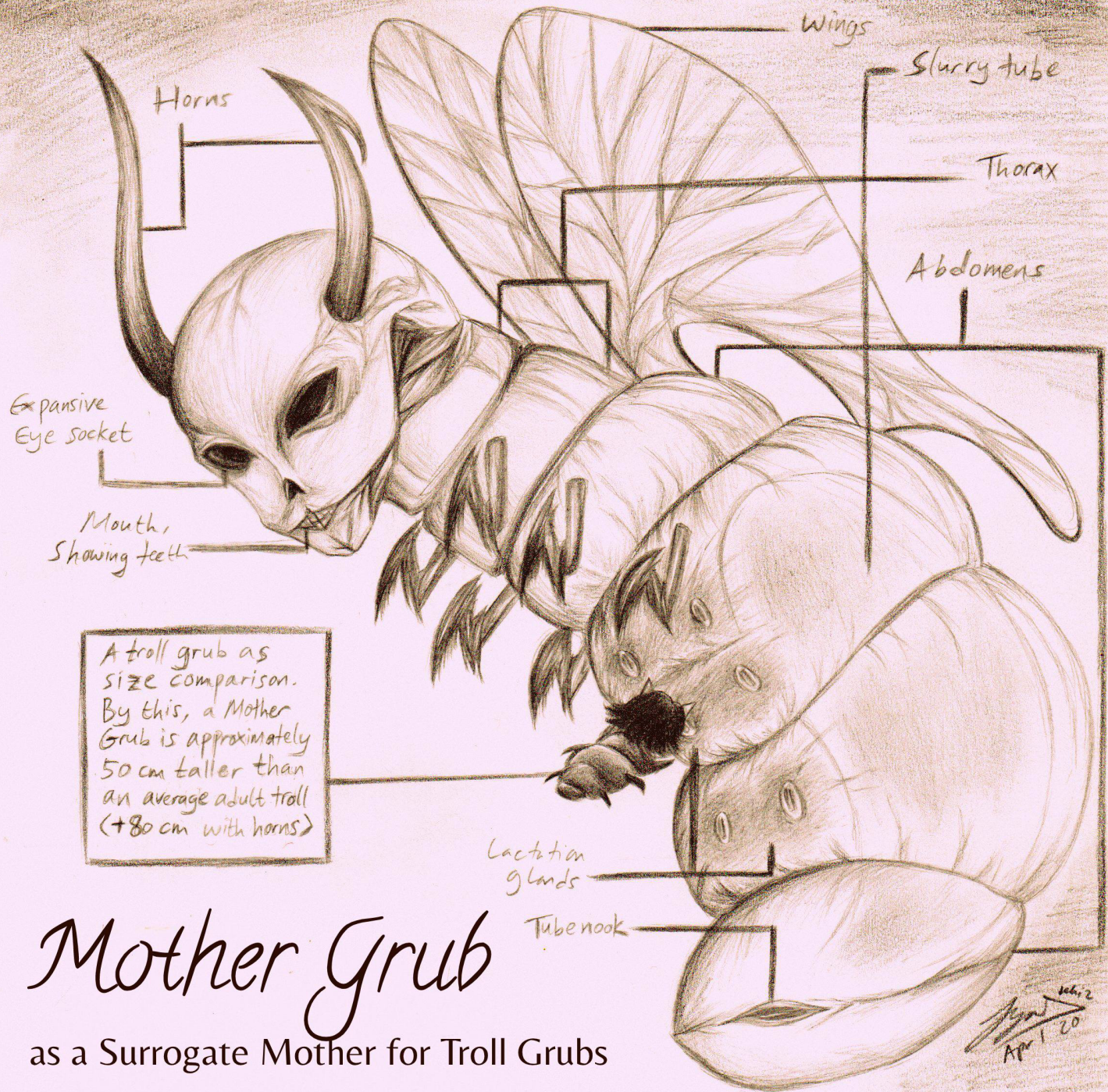
Grub is now ready to spin its cocoon. It spreads its wings out, flying up to the ceilings of the caverns to begin its metamorphosis into a wriggler troll.



45 cm

Landweller tail compared next to a seadweller fuchsia.





Trolls technically can reproduce grubs by their own. But during the imperial era, some cultural shifts happened. The jadeblood insecta-mammalia lusii species, a Mother Grub, that had given a role as the grubs' surrogate mother is one of many results of it.

Mother Grub's life duty, under jadeblood trolls protection, was originally to help the adult trolls to -

- incubate the grub eggs inside her abdomen, specifically in her slurry tube.

Until later, the excessive experiment by royal executives, with a purpose to refrain highblood female trolls deaths from eggs labor, had discovered that her slurry tube was also able to form eggs from the trolls biological genes combinations.

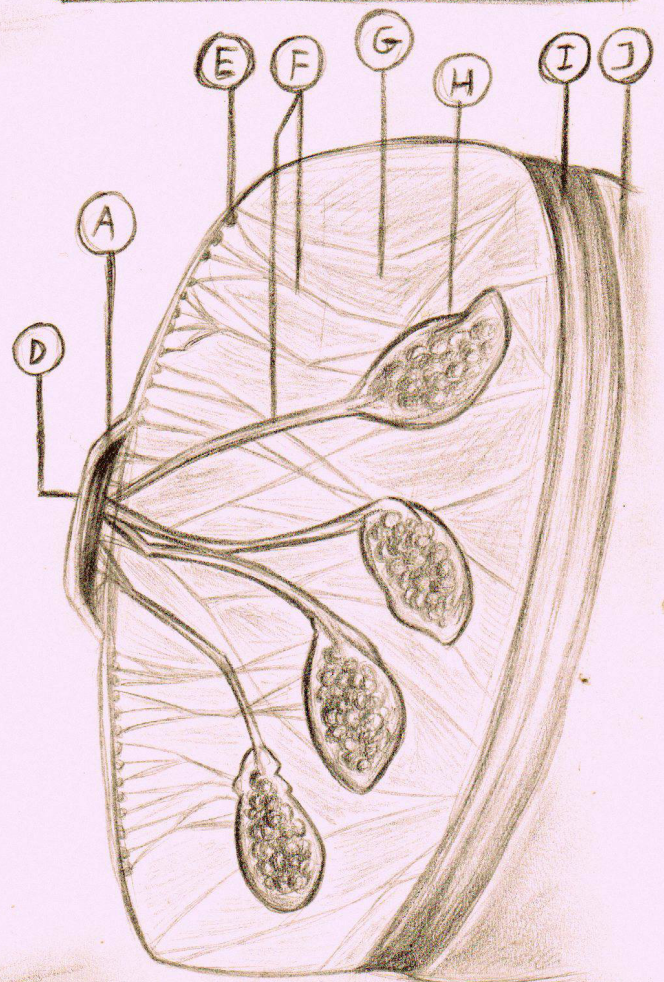
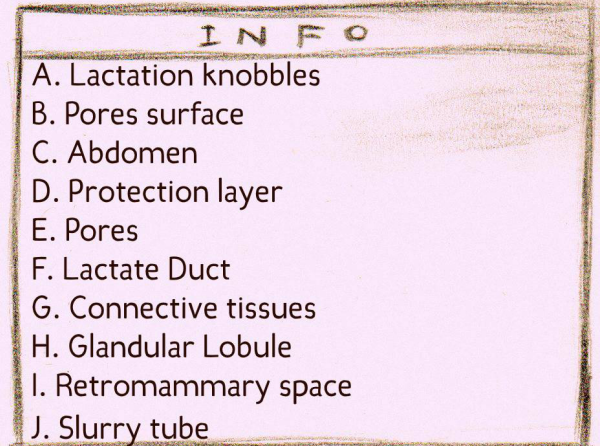
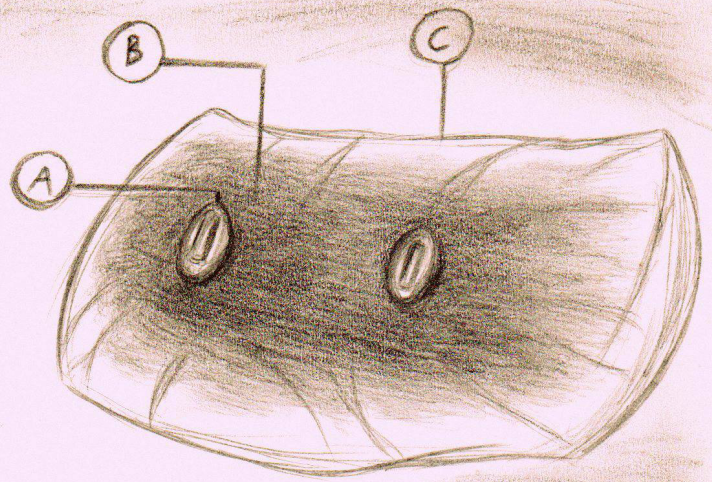
Mother Grub also has lactation glands under her abdomen, which produces a similar material to female troll's lactate, to provide essential nutritions for the newly hatched grubs.

- There are 3 glands (2 on 2nd abdomen, 1 on the 3rd) with 2 flat oval-shaped lactation knobbles on each of them as main sources of lactates.

- Each of the knobbles surrounded by tiny pores—similar to human breast's areola but can also produce lactates. Thus, a Mother Grub can feed as many grubs as possible.

- The knobbles and pores have some thick transparent layers, so they won't bleed by the grubs' sharp teeth/fangs.

- Mother grub's glands have more branched, long and wide lactate tissues, which connected to bigger glandular lobules.



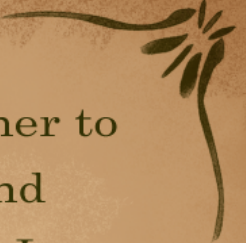
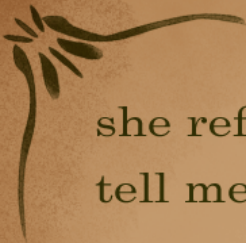
Excerpt from the Journal of Maria Constança do Huambo;

Harley-Huambo Alternian Expedition, 1985. Translated from Portugese into English by O. C. Marcrand, linguistic assistant to Professor Jacob Harley, Washington State University;

Night 43; Acidic Rainstorm, Full Moons

Another night lost due to this damnable weather. Luckily, the local guide that Mr. Harley provided had expected this might happen and put us near a place to hide out before too much of the expedition's equipment was ruined. Robert did score a nasty burn on his right hand when he fell in the mud, though. At least now he can practice his ambidexterity.

The location seemed to be a "hive" like many of the other's we've seen all over, but this one is fairly separated from any town or settlement, and is rather neglected, to put it mildly. Several of the walls and part of the ceiling were collapsed in and nearly all of the windows were broken, with scorch marks painting the outside walls like blackened murals. The guide had said that this was an old acquaintance's home that had been attacked by drones, not unlike the ones we'd spotted several nights previous. The guide hadn't heard from them in sometime, so she assured us they wouldn't mind us camping here. I believe

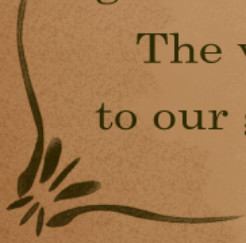


she referred to him as her “moirail”. When I asked her to tell me what that meant, she looked rather pitied and assured me that “I would find one myself someday.” I didn’t press her further.

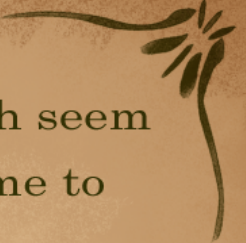
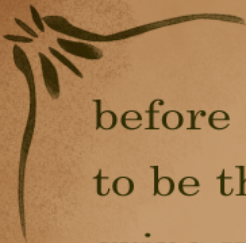
We were able to prepare a meal later on using much of the kitchen appliances still present in the home. The stove and even what appeared to be a microwave oven were connected to power, and we used them to prepare some canned foodstuffs that also remained intact. Arsenio continues to be “unimpressed” with this planet’s cuisine, but I suppose I give him a small particle of respect for at least continuing to try it. We’ll run out of expedition rations sooner rather than later at this rate, so he’d best get used to it eventually.

During the meal, our guide told us more about their friend who’d lived here. He was Jade-blooded, whereas our guide has brownish blood. Apparently, despite the apparent ferocity of this attack, our guide had confidence that her friend had escaped largely unscathed.

As we set up sleeping spots for the night, Arsenio and I shifted some rubble from the bottom floor living space. Underneath the fallen shards of building, lay the partially desiccated remains of another troll. The blood had a deep green tint, noticeable even in its aged state.



The victim seemed obvious. We decided not to mention it to our guide and made a note to hide the corpse somewhere



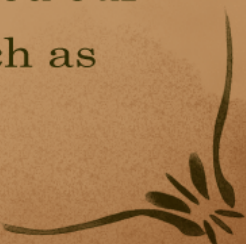
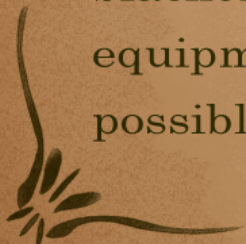
before she awoke the next night. Violence and death seem to be the way of things around here. It's hard to come to grips with it, even in a month's time.

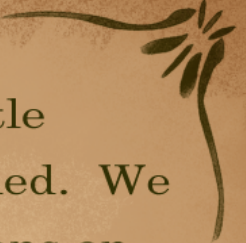
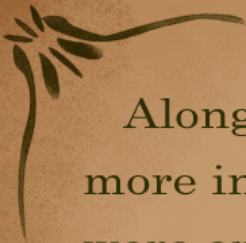
Night 45; Partially Clouded; Green Moon Waning

The rains didn't stop as we had hoped on night 44, so we ended up remaining for another day in the late-friends hive. We didn't share the news of their passing with Robert, as he is conspicuously poor at secret keeping and Arsenio and I agreed it best not to bring it up again.

Aside from a bitter solemnity between the two of us, the rest of night 44 was spent organizing our previous notes and doing some field testing on several of the geological and biological samples we had recovered. Aside from a noticeable lack of melanin, carotene, or any other natural pigment for that matter in nearly all of the life we've encountered close enough to sample, the inhabitants of "Alternia" seem fairly analogous to those of Earth, save for some non-traditional body plans.

Today or tonight rather, our guide promises to make up for yesterday's (yesternight's?) lost time and she stirred us before the sun fully set so we could make progress on our journey. Our destination appeared to be set in some rocky blackened hills, not far from our shelter, so we packed our equipment and headed out, staying in shade as much as possible in the duskligh|t.





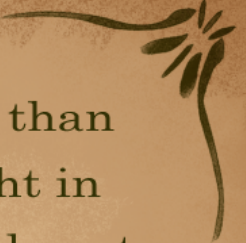
Along the way, our guide finally relinquished a little more information about where exactly we were headed. We were on our way to one of the most important locations on the whole planet, if not within the entire interstellar dominion of the Alternian species. A series of caves and catacombs within which the entire species of trolls is born, nursed, and prepared for the rigors of the outside world, although our guide emphasized that it was certainly in itself no safer than anywhere else on the planet. It would likely be even less safe for the likes of interlopers like ourselves. Even the trolls who are tasked with maintaining the caverns are often murdered grievously for seemingly little purpose.

Robert was none too keen on any of these prospects, not seeing the scientific and studiological value in continuing onward, or at the very least, valuing his own hide above it. Some light berating from both Arsenio and our guide egged him onward and the rest of the trip was largely uneventful.

By time our guide told us to slow, the moon's were already high in the starlit sky.

She led us up to a wide road and we carefully followed it for a ways in a trench astride it. It ended at an immense cavern entrance, itself straddled by what must've been 7 or 8 drones, idling in what appeared to be a rather aggressive stance. Robert all, but ran right then, but the guide's urges to keep quiet kept him together.

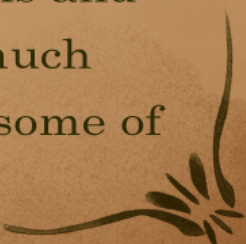
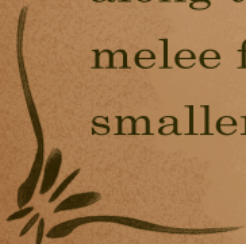




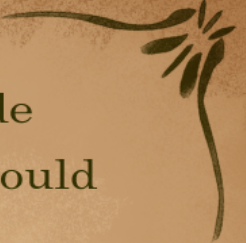
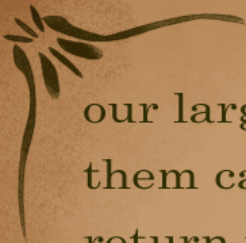
As we hid in the trench, a troll, not much younger than our Guide, stepped timidly toward the entrance, right in front of the Drones, who all focused their eyes directly onto the new arrival. At this point, things happened rather quickly, but I'll attempt to recount it as accurately as possible.

The guide must have recognized one of her friends, as she mouthed some sort of expletive, then dove from the trench and tackled the younger troll to the ground, just as a hail of missile fire broke up the ground between us and the pair. Nothing was holding Robert back this time, and he peeled off back the way we came with a yell. We didn't have much else to do, so Arsenio and I followed close behind, but our return back the way we came was cut off by another spiked robot, hovering mere meters in front of us, prepared for violence.

Luckily for us, the drone was suddenly displaced by a swing from a spiked black mace wielded by a surprisingly small jade troll, dressed in a green skirt and white button-up that had clearly seen better days. They quickly motioned for us to follow. We were too in shock to put up much of an argument.



After being sure we weren't followed, the troll led us along the rocky hillside until the sounds of explosions and melee faded away. We eventually broke left into a much smaller and tighter cave entrance. We had to leave some of

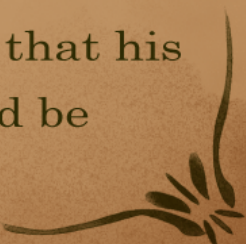
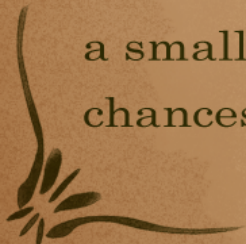


our larger supplies behind. Arsenio made sure to hide them carefully underneath some foliage so that we could return for them later.

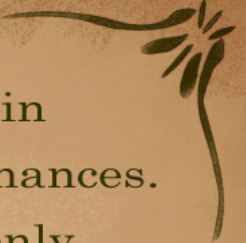
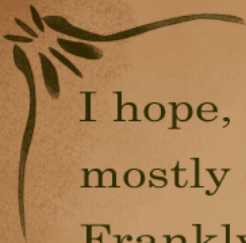
The rocky passage wound on for a few minutes before opening up into a larger chamber, dimly lit with some bioluminescent plants. As we entered, the troll turned on a small lantern in the middle of the room, which lit up the walls in a greenish light. Around those walls were various accoutrements for survival. The troll explained that this was where they often came to get away from the brooding caverns. We, in turn, explained our relationship with our late guide, and how she was taking us to see those brooding caverns before becoming distracted by an excessive need for selfless heroics.

Our new friend was clearly dubious about our end-goals, but agreed to lead us to the caves using the back route that they themselves use regularly. The troll reassured Robert that the drones didn't often travel those tunnels, but he rather coldly turned away from them and didn't say another word that whole night.

Night 46; Indeterminate Weather, due to being underground



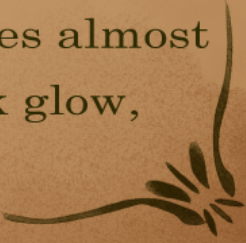
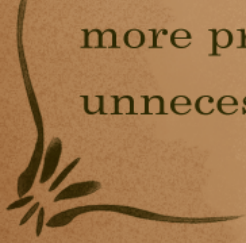
We awoke to find Robert no longer in his bed roll, as well as a small cache of our rations missing. He clearly felt that his chances heading back to the entry portal alone would be

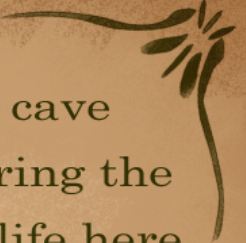
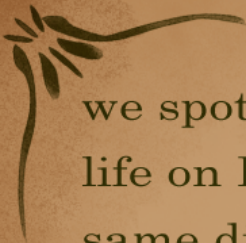


I hope, for his sake if nothing else, he makes it back in mostly one piece, though our new guide doubts his chances. Frankly, it would be naive not to agree. At least he only took some extraneous survival equipment, and all of our survey gear remains.

We took our time today, as we were assured the traveling would take the whole night regardless. It was already almost midnight before we actually gathered what we could carry, mostly handheld equipment organized into some shoulder bags, and set off down into the caves, leaving a fair amount of our heavier gear at the 'base camp'. Arsenio made note to pack as much of our sampling gear as possible so that we could test what we gathered more thoroughly on our return.

The cave's were fairly uniform nearer to the entrance, about 3 meters tall and same as wide, and the dampness on the walls and ever present dripping led me to believe that this cavern system was formed by underground water sources, perhaps geologically not too long ago. The beams of our electric torches glistened against the stalactites and similar formations, and Arsenio took some interest in cataloging some of the more unique looking crystalline structures. As we descended, the glowing vegetation that was sparsely present up towards the surface grew much more prevalent, to the point that we found our torches almost unnecessary and in the blue, green, purple, and pink glow,



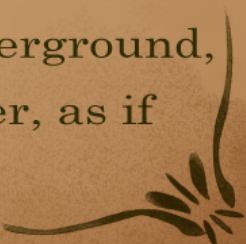
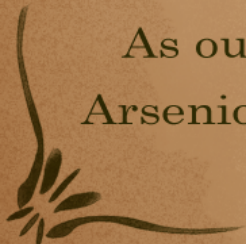


we spotted numerous small creatures, similar to the cave life on Earth, though not entirely the same, and bearing the same distinct lack of pigment present in most other life here.

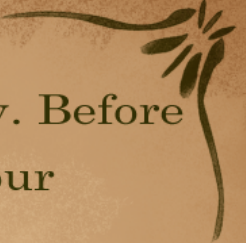
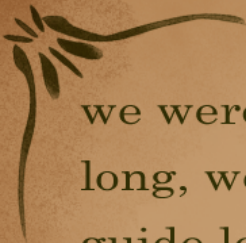
Arsenio attempted to grab a few for later examination, but our Troll Guide noted that many have poisonous secretions, or are otherwise dangerous to interact with directly. I grabbed the big kevlar gloves from our bags and we continued nonetheless, placing a few specimens in thick plexiglass bottles. On initial examination we did note several interesting features of these subterranean organisms.

Unlike on earth, and assumedly due to the presence of natural illumination, most if not all of the life down in these caves seems to rely on sight for hunting and locational awareness. The bugs often ran and hid from our torch beams or congregated around larger conglomerations of the glowing fungi. One species of small reptile we spotted used a similar shade of bioluminescence to those aforementioned fungi, and lured insects into its attack range using that glow.

Frankly we would've been happy to continue examining the cave fauna for the rest of the night, but our guide impatiently insisted we don't hang about, as they had other responsibilities and "already spent their days babysitting curious grubs, they didn't need two more". We didn't take it to heart.



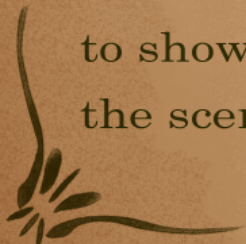
As our spelunking went on deeper and deeper underground, Arsenio and I noticed it growing significantly warmer, as if

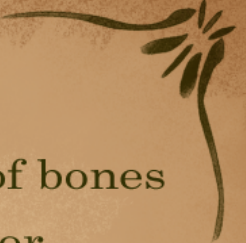


we were reaching¹ some pocket of geothermal activity. Before long, we were dabbing sweat from our brows. Even our guide looked mildly uncomfortable.

Soon, however, the downward slope of the tunnel levelled out and our guide stopped us. They motioned for us to follow into a smaller side passage, less well lit by fungus and less trodden than the main one. The guide said that we would probably appreciate seeing what lay ahead. The passage thankfully only went on for a short bit before ending in a ragged, thick black curtain. Through the tattered holes in the fabric, pinpoints of bright fungal light poked through, polka dotting the cave walls. The guide, impressed with our obvious curiosity, tore back the shade and released a wave of light that nearly blinded us.

Behind the curtained doorway was a positively cyclopean chamber; a hall of water-hewn stone that must have reached 200 meters upward and wide enough to hold the grandest of functions. All the way up to the ceiling, bioluminescent fungi of greater size and number than we could have ever imagined lit up the scene brighter than if done by any amount of man or troll-made light. Spores drifted like snow down to the floor of the cavern, reflecting the light and dazzling us both. And, finally, down on the floor of the Cavern was undoubtedly what caused our guide to show us this chamber and the most striking feature of the scene before us.





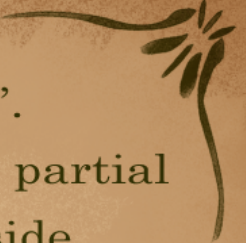
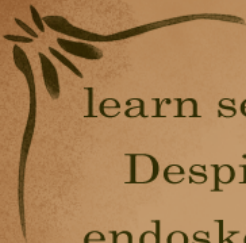
Covering the rocky ground, like ancient hengiform monoliths, lay hundreds, if not perhaps thousands, of bones all belonging to specimens of the same large, worm- or perhaps, grub-like species.

Grub-like seemed the most prudent, as our guide introduced us to them. These remains belong to the many previous members of the lineage of the “Mother Grub”, a species different from, yet somehow intrinsically related to the progenation of the trolls entire race. Symbiotic relationships that would interact directly in the breeding process are rare, but not entirely unheard of on earth. However, when proposing that theory to our guide, they seemed moderately confused at best; completely lost at worst. At least their knowledge of these cave systems is better than their understanding of biology.

Arsenio and I immediately began to examine the dessicated remains, though not much actually DID remain, save for skeletal remains. Perhaps the ravenously spreading fungus assisted in their degradation, or perhaps they’ve simply been down here long enough to be completely cleaned by time and the local fauna. Speaking of Fauna, this particular section of the cave seems to be largely absent of living animal life. Arsenio hypothesized the relative brightness of this room may make them uncomfortable, but even he seemed to doubt it as it left his mouth.

Despite the high levels of decomposition, we did manage to





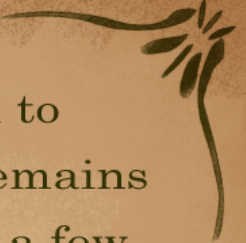
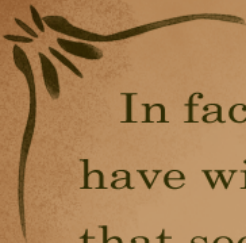
learn several key things about these “Mother Grubs”.

Despite their insectoid appearance, they do have a partial endoskeleton, although a quite primitive one, alongside their more traditional exoskeleton. This is most noticeable and advanced in the head, where the exoskeleton has been almost completely supplanted by an almost reptilian looking skull with clear eye sockets and nostrils. The large intracranial cavity in that skull does lead to the possibility that these beings are very advanced, although without a more ‘active’ individual to examine, that is largely up for debate.

The thoracic cavity is more insectine, with a noticeable exoskeleton, although in various stages of decay. However, inside the walls of the exoskeleton are what appears to be the beginnings of a rib cage. Bony protrusions at regular intervals seem to support the exoskeleton, like vaulting ceiling supports in a cathedral.

Traveling down the bodies, it becomes apparent that something like 80-90% of this creature’s volume is its large and bulbous abdomen. Arsenio immediately makes the connection to the queen’s of many species of ants and bees, where the enlarged abdomen is usually the sign of laying a large clutch of eggs. The fact that these Mother Grubs seem to have perpetually enlarged abdomens, even postmortem, makes us surmise that these may have been laying or preparing to lay eggs most of the year,





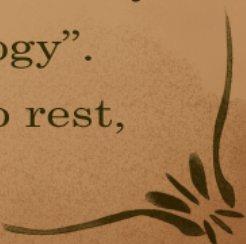
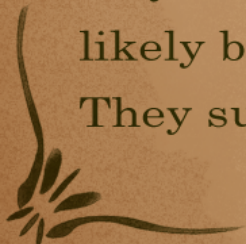
In fact, many of these individual corpses also seem to have within the area of their abdomens additional remains that seem to be calcified eggs. Arsenio even cracked a few open with his tools, revealing infant trolls and their intriguing vertebrate/invertebrate hybrid biology. This was a truly ground-breaking discovery. A species not only engaging symbiotically in the reproduction of another, completely different species, but actually acting as a sexual surrogate is simply unheard of. I have many questions about how the Troll's gene's are implanted into the Mother Grub and whether or not they fully supplant the gene's of the Mother Grub.

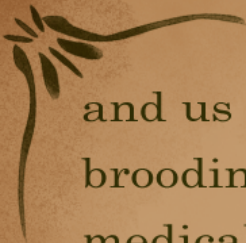
This roil of questioning is further added to when one of the egg's Arsenio cracks reveals an entirely different creature; a canid, but with the same hybrid invertebrate/vertebrate structure as the troll juveniles.

I made to bring my list of questions over to our Guide, who would hopefully shed some light on the subject, but as I reached her, Arsenio was caught in an ejection of spores from one of the glowing mushrooms and fell over with a cry. The guide and I helped him up and shouldered him out of the cavern, back to the main path.

The guide seemed worried. Even though the spores were only mild irritants to trolls, such a large 'dosage' could very likely be quite dangerous to our "fragile human ecology".

They suggested that they and I leave Arsenio here to rest,





and us two make our way the rest of the way to the brooding caverns proper, where we could retrieve some medical supplies.

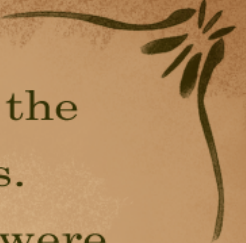
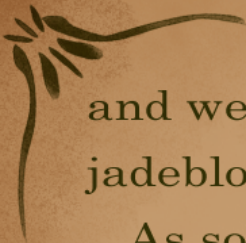
I did not argue. My questions will have to wait.

Night 47; No Weather. Underground

I believe this will be my last log. I have been wounded severely in a confrontation with the drones guarding the Mother Grub. The guide split off from me in an attempt to get the medications we came for to Arsenio, so hopefully he survives and comes looking for me, or what's left of me, and my notes. Despite the attack, I had ample time to examine the caverns and the mother grub herself, as well as several crucial details of the reproduction process. I can only hope Professor Harley finds it within himself to appreciate the sacrifices I made for those details. If he ever reads this notebook.

It was fairly early in the evening by time we reached the caverns proper. A colossal amphitheater of stone with a floor clogged by thousands and thousands of fairly large beige eggs, stretching down to a hollow in the stone where a massive, lightly pulsing blob lay. The eggs closest to us and to the back of the room were nearly transparent, and within, wriggling, horned forms shone through. I wanted to get down to the Mother Grub right then, but our guide reminded me of our goal in getting the medicine for Arsenio





and we instead headed up, towards the quarters for the jadebloods that watched over the eggs and newborns.

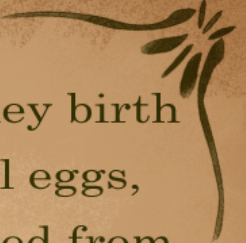
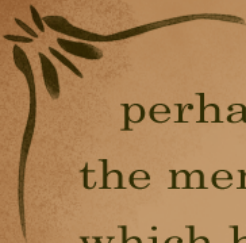
As soon as we entered the main common area, we were confronted by an immense Jade, perhaps 7 and a half feet tall, but wearing the same green attire as our guide. She seemed about ready to scold her coworker (comrade?), but her expression turned to surprise, then awkward welcome as she greeted me. We gave a curt explanation of why we were there and she invited us in, telling me to make myself comfortable while she fetched the medication.

We were left alone with several newborn troll “wrigglers” who, as stated by their name, wriggled happily around on the floor. One came up to me, squeaking and clicking, and I picked them up carefully, taking the opportunity to give them a cursory examination.

The most apparent feature was the large, blood-tinted eyes, seemingly simpler than the human-like yellow eyes of mature trolls. Their horns were also fairly small and would likely grow out further as they aged. Most intriguing, however, is the segmented body and 6 insect-like legs sprouting from it. On closer inspection, it became apparent that the “body” wasn’t actually their adult body at all, rather, it was almost like a secondary egg.



Things are starting to line up a bit; I believe that these Mother Grubs bear no relation to trolls at all, but they do however perform an important role as a surrogate parent

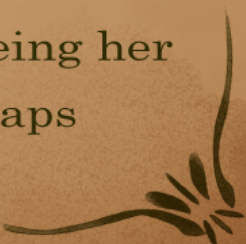


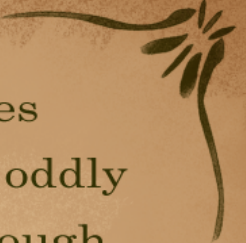
perhaps not only to trolls, but to many species. They birth the members of the symbiotic species in conventional eggs, which hatch relatively quickly. The newborns hatched from that egg are encased in the secondary shell body, which allows them some degree of autonomy while they complete their preliminary growth stage. Perhaps this is how the Mother Grub can birth creatures with gestation periods of deferring length, potentially even creatures which are generally birthed live.

This does still leave one key question unanswered; by what means is the Mother Grub fertilized with the various children? Presumably there's no way all genitalia are compatible.

As I had that thought, our host returned with Arsenio's medication and advised I leave quickly, as we had arrived just in time for the drones to bring the genetic material to the Mother Grub. This fortuitous situation was not lost on me. My guide agreed to return with me to Arsenio so I didn't get lost in the caves, but I told them of my intent to view the procedure that was about to occur. They strongly disagreed, but I am persuasive. I sort of wish I wasn't.

I found a rocky crevice a short way up the side of the cave, just small enough to keep me fairly hidden, but giving me a fantastic close-up view of the Mother Grub. She was more beautiful than anything I could've imagined from seeing her relatives dessicated remains. She was massive, perhaps



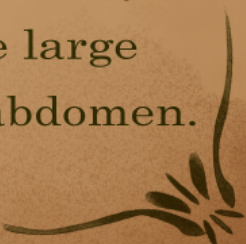
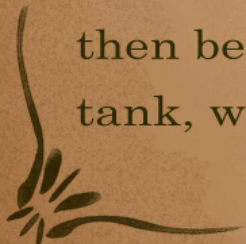


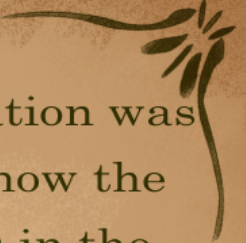
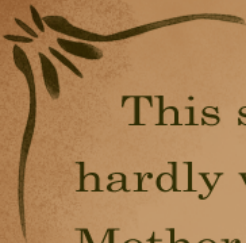
15-20 meters long, and undulated steadily, beady eyes closed. She even had an oddly human (or I suppose, oddly trollish) smile on her smooth off-white face. Sure enough, her abdomen was the vast majority of her volume and seemed to stretch even longer than her species' remnants would imply. On her thorax were 6 small, spidery legs, far too small to allow for motion.

From this vantage point, it was easy to see an enormous and slightly discolored tank with a flexible hose coming off of it attached to the wall directly adjacent to the Mother Grub. I thought at first it might be for water, or some sort of food paste dispenser, but I was about to be answered by the loud mechanical clanking coming from the main entrance to the caverns.

The guide and I dropped down and stayed hidden behind the rocks as about 12 Drones entered the chamber and marched/floated toward the Mother Grub, several metallic buckets in each of their arms. Within those buckets sloshed viscous liquids of a variety of colours. By the slight blush on my guide's cheeks, I guessed that those were the "genetic materials" used to conceive the next generation.

The drone's approach didn't seem to bother the Mother Grub, who hardly winced as the mechanical units plugged the hose into an orifice on the underside of the Grub. They then began pouring the multicoloured slurry into the large tank, which emptied down the hose into the Grub's abdomen.





This sort of primitive method of artificial insemination was hardly what i imagined in the process, but explains how the Mother Grub may have evolved to function as it does in the wild.

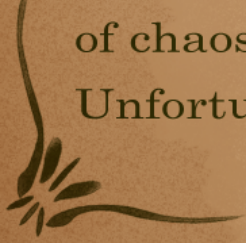
It seems that creatures may have come upon the Mother Grub and copulated with it in such a way as to release their reproductive matter into the creature. The young would than gestate into the Mother Grubs eggs, perhaps with greater success than in the creature and hatch quickly into the proto-newborn state with the unique secondary egg body, allowing the young some level of independence and relieving some of the stress on the parents.

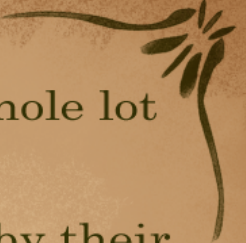
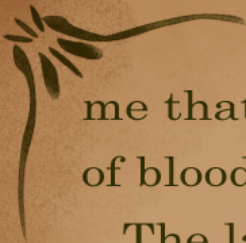
The trolls have streamlined the process to the point that they have probably multiplied their reproduction rate by 100, maybe 1000, times, which allows for their phenomenally high youth mortality rate.

Unfortunately, I didn't have a whole lot more time to investigate the Grub and the fluids that are injected into it as at that moment, I dropped my pen. The slight sound was enough to alert the drones, who quickly locked onto our location.

I hardly had time to begin to flee when a missile exploded next to me and I blacked out. Next thing I knew, my guide had dragged me into the side cave where I am now, sounds of chaos and gunfire vibrating through the walls.

Unfortunately, they didn't drag all of me and I fear the bit of





me that got vaporized back on the rock face had a whole lot of blood in it that I could've used right about now.

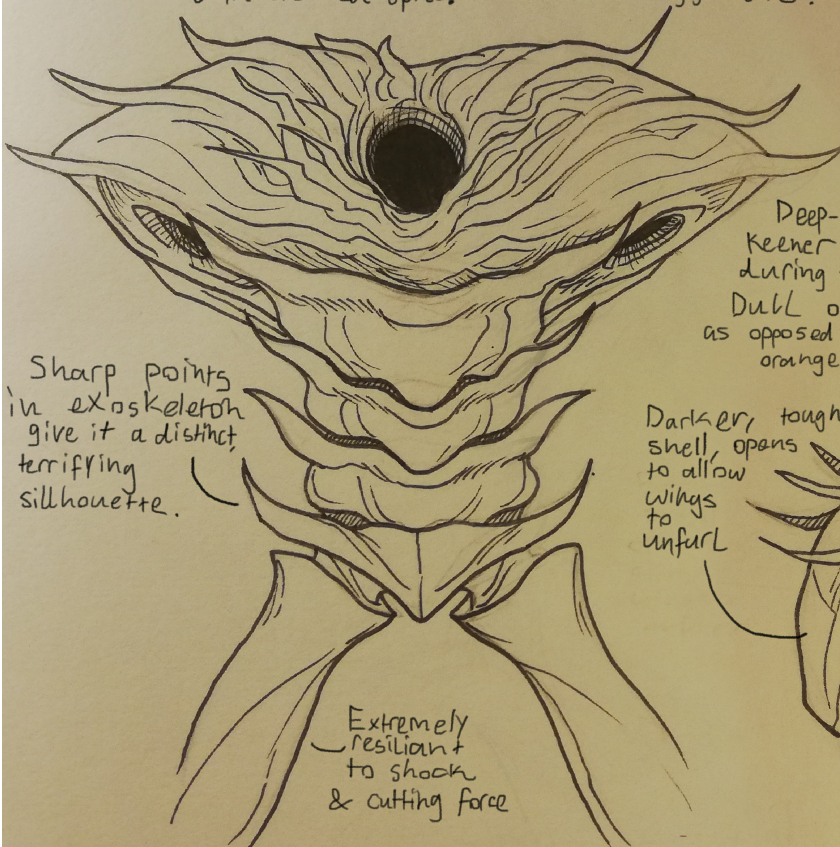
The last thing they said to me was to hold on, but by their face I knew that there wasn't much to hold on to. I told them to take the medication to Arsenio and to come back and get me when things calm down. Hopefully Arsenio will be able to take some more thorough notes when he does.

This excerpt was from a journal returned from the Alternian Expedition by it's lone survivor Arsenio deSilva. He reports that Dr. Maria was dead when he returned for her. Jacob Harley gave his condolences for the losses of the aforementioned and also Robert Higgenson, who, although not known to be dead, was nowhere to be found after his flight days prior to the final notation. However, Mr. Harley made sure to emphasize that the expedition was not in vain, and the information and samples gathered by Dr. Maria and her team would go a long way toward understanding this strange alien world.



Horns grow continuously up until death, often breaking and growing back in crooked spires.

The pain of these horns growing is used by the Empire to make drones more aggressive.

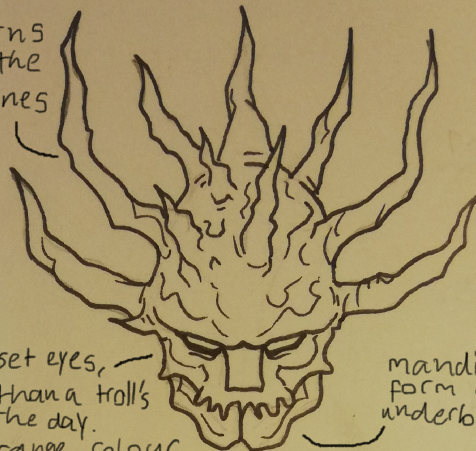


Sharp points in exoskeleton give it a distinct terrifying silhouette.

Extremely resilient to shock & cutting force

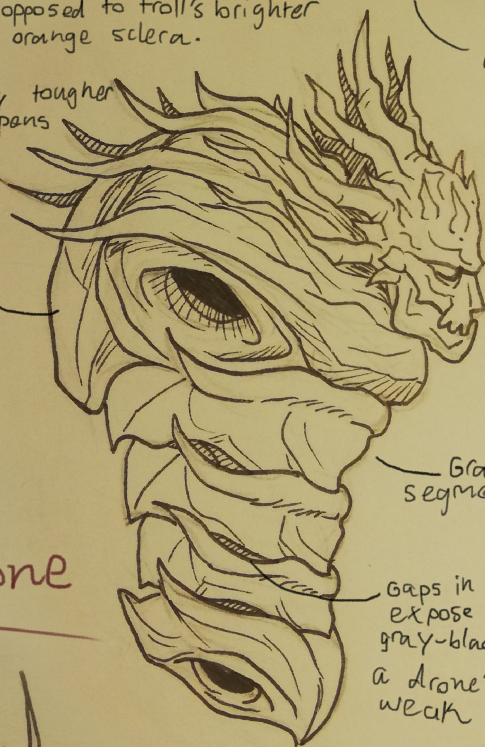
Deep-set eyes, — keener than a troll's during the day.

Dull orange colour, as opposed to troll's brighter orange sclera.



mandibles form an underbite.

Darker, tougher shell, opens to allow wings to unfurl



Square nose with a sharp sense of smell

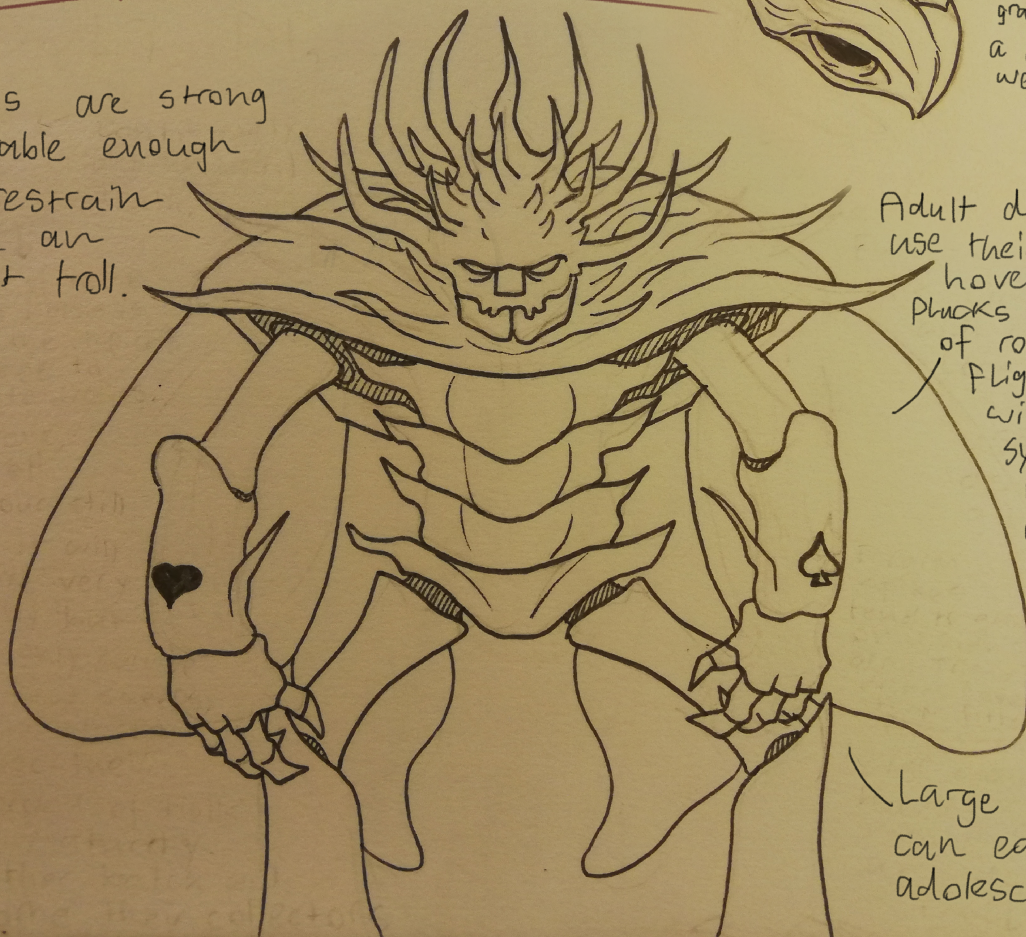
Have a kind of innate heat vision, enhanced by cybernetics for identifying & tracing trolls

Gray, lighter segments of shell

Gaps in the shell expose vulnerable gray-black flesh, a drone's few weak points.

Anatomy of an Adult Drone

Drones are strong & durable enough to restrain even an adult troll.



Adult drones can only use their wings to hover, so the empire plucks them in favour of rocket-assisted flight. Their wings remain a symbol of power, maturity and righteousness in troll culture.

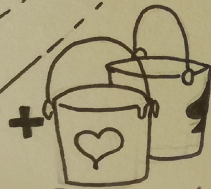
Large clawed hands can easily grasp an adolescent troll.

The mother grub



The mother grubs arise from the matriarb. Like drone cuckoons, it's spiked exterior deters predators.

with varied genetic material



(collected from trolls by drones)

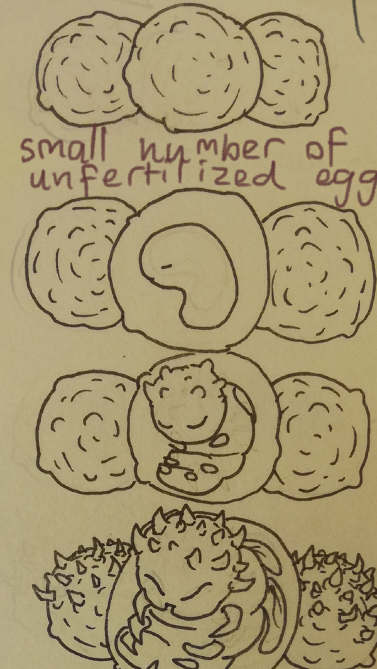
without genetic material

(Broods of Drones are more frequent)

Thousands of fertilized eggs

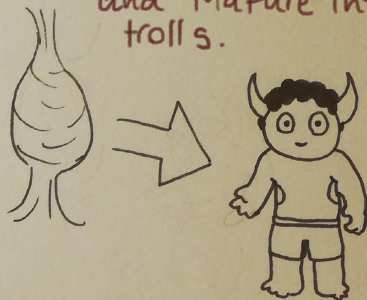


A small number of unfertilized eggs



Comparative Embryology of Trolls & Drones

Newly hatched grubs spin cuckoons and mature into trolls.



Newly hatched drones prey upon weak or invalid grubs to ensure they are strong enough to protect the surviving grubs up to maturity.



these wasplike drones spin cuckoons nearby: troll cuckoons and undergo metamorphosis into bipeds.

Young drone, it's armour still soft. Drones only live a few sweeps. Another brood will collect genetic material from the trolls this brood guarded.



Drones

The nerves in the grubs once developing nerves fuse into the biomechanical armor, which is used to control it.

The arms are lined with thorns, and close in a certain way to have a firm grasp on prey.

Unlike the grub, which is hatched naturally, the armor is manufactured to specifically fuse with any blackblooded grubs.

The surface of the armor is covered in fine hairs, sharp enough to cut skin.

The grubs and armor have a parasitic dynamic. If the grub were to be hatched naturally they would live for an indeterminate amount of time. When in armor the drone will live for around 75 sweeps.

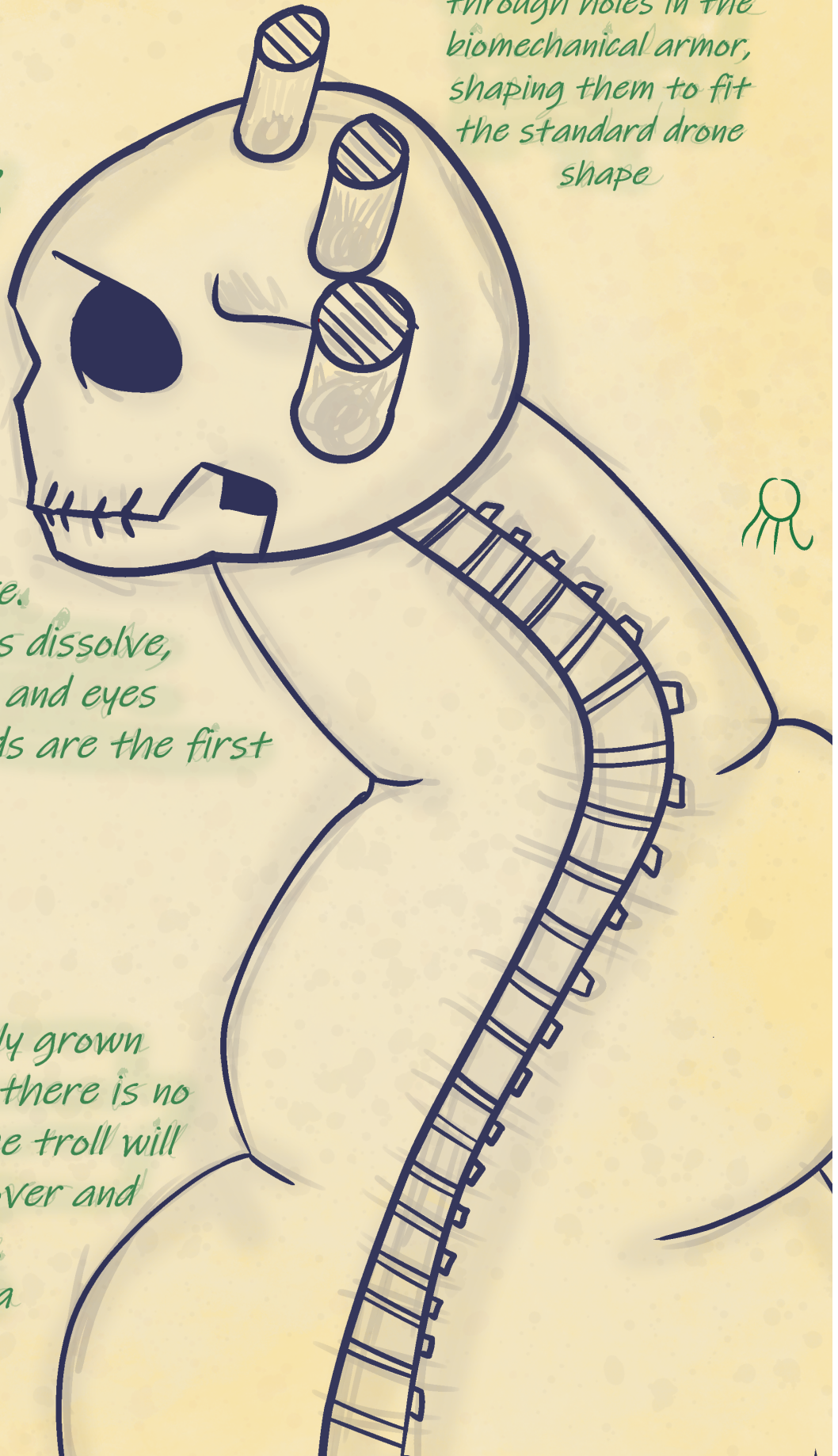


Grub Drones

The grubs horns are forced through holes in the biomechanical armor, shaping them to fit the standard drone shape

The grubs teeth are no longer used to eat, the armor gives the troll all it needs to live. As it grows its organs dissolve, leaving only the brain and eyes behind. The vocal cords are the first thing to go.

After the troll is fully grown inside the bio-armor there is no way to remove it, the troll will never be able to recover and return to normal life. Becoming a drone is a culling sentence





An excerpt from "The observations and findings on Alternian biology in both Troll/kind and Drones to be used as research and trivia, collected and distributed by the Olive exiled Troll of 26 sweeps known as The Huntress." focusing mainly on the production, function, and biomechanical constructions of Drones in a way that does not encourage Trolls to exploit any possible weakness or over/sight in said Drones.

A fore/word:

Greetings. I am the exiled olive/blooded troll of 26 sweeps known as the Huntress. I have explored many planets and documented much extra/terrestrial life, but my wander/lust and focus always seems to come back to Alternia and it's extensive wealth of fauna. It helps that the ship I was assigned to, the Imperial Space Traveller (abbreviated as IST) Collector, has enough room for not only specimens and samples from other planets but enough room for Alternian native samples as well.





This is meant to help with cross examination and research, but has also allowed me to document and record different findings on many Alternian beings that you will see in your day to day life. With permission from my superiors, I have been allowed to compile this info into an easy to read document that covers all kinds of inhabitants from Trolls to wild/life. My typing quirk will also be present within this documentation, as I will be cutting through any bull/shit and rumors to simplify my findings as factual and reliable.

In this specific excerpt, you will find explanations and details pertaining to Drones, so you may receive a better appreciation for how they go about working to help propagate our Empress blessed species. Without further ado, let us begin.

BIOMECHANICAL BEINGS OF ALTERNIA

Unless you're a luddite or have lived under a rock for most of your life, you should be EXTREMELY used to the presence of Drones. Drones are here to help keep you safe, enforce the laws that uphold order within the Empire, and help continue our existence and





lineage with the admirable duty of delivering genetic slurry to the Mother Grub. Behind those seemingly emotionless view/ports that show only red lights in lieu of gander bulbs lie an intensely complicated and surprisingly biological system interwoven with the expected electronics and wiring. If you've seen the after/math of a scuffle between Drone and violent troll or, Empress forbid, actually dismantled a Drone yourself, you probably saw something like viscous oil, metal infused bone structure, and synthetic flesh-like muscle among other things. Curiosity is an understandable reaction to such components, especially if expectations are of pure electronics.

To explain the origins of these biological features, some history must be delved into. Back when the heinous rebellion had just been quelled only recently and many were still getting used to adult trolls not being present, two major problems were prominent. Firstly, trolls were unable to deliver buckets of slurry to the caves because of dangerous terrain and wild/life. Secondly, the dregs of rebellion and chaos had not yet been quelled with many lower/bloods and high/blood subordinates to even





higher/bloods disobeying, attacking, and even culling their superiors. This problem could not easily be answered by assigning certain trolls as security detail, so they needed a solution that was, quite literally, alien and out of this world. An indigo/blooded astronomer would provide this solution and forever record his name in imperial history as a prime example of high/blood superiority. Cenpha Omezyn, better known by his exiled title of The Inventor, discovered the resource planet now known as Drone Hive Prime, where he discovered a wealth of refinable materials. Among these was an abundance of crude oil that is used to be made into an experimental type of fuel, a metallic ore with incredible tensile strength and flexibility when smelted (later labelled as Dronium for obvious reasons), and other conductive substrates and resins that were used to make circuit boards and data cortexes capable of storing a vast amount of data and connecting to similar systems in nano/seconds. In the end, these discoveries were miniscule in comparison to the true canvas upon which the portrait of the drone would be painted: the Goliaths.





These native creatures are gigantic, usually coming up to the size of an adult molt troll. Though they are bipedal, some lack lower body strength and will use a columnar form of walking. They usually come in a variety of colors, though the most common has been brownish-orange fur with black and white spots all around the body. This pelt conceals a pinkish pale skin that, along with the muscle and bone, protects the vital organs with extreme durability.

These Goliaths provide the frame from which all drones are made. First, the Goliath must expire either through old age (unreliable, as most live around 30 or 40 sweeps) or via culling through suffocation, where it will then have its blood drained to be added to the mixture of experimental fuel. During this time, the creature is skinned and taken to a separate site where it will then have its bones and musculature infused and enhanced with Dronium alloy, while the skin is subjected to the same treatment, this time being layered with magnetic armor that acts as the base for other plates of armor to be mounted. Once this is completed, the skin is reapplied with a bio/enhanced





industrial grade adhesive that adds yet another layer of protection for the drone as it melds with the skin and muscle. After this, all non/essential organs are removed and replaced with sophisticated technology and circuitry, with the blood/pusher being replaced with a power core and the grey matter being replaced with a data processor that is wired to the Drone Hive/mind Net/work (better known as the DHN). The second to last step is replacing the eyes with state-of-the-art sensor modules and welding a specialized Dronium helmet onto the skull of the now completed Drone. All that's left is to activate the power core and watch it come to life.

The observant readers among you might come to a realization: if these advanced, expensive, and precious materials are so extremely effective for producing Drones, then why are they able to be destroyed at all? You see, the differences in atmosphere is an unavoidable hurdle when shipping Drones from Drone Hive Prime and other Drone Hives. Drone Hives are chosen because of two factors: proximity to Hive Prime, and resources. Most Hives have a similar atmosphere and composition to Hive





Prime, which is theorized to be because they are a special, previously undiscovered type of planet. Alternia's atmosphere is not beneficial for these drones, which severely weakens their durability and strength, meaning that even the most ambitious rust/blood could surely deal enough damage to destroy it. Not to mention, the very same atmosphere that allows trolls to breathe and survive on our home planet is hell on Drone joints, providing an ample weak point should they not be tended to.* In fact, ever since the mass production of Drones sky/rocketed after the discovery of more compatible Hive planets, the DHN can be found under frequent stress and massive slowdowns, especially in the event of an extremely disruptive low/blood up/rising.** Rest assured, with our wonderfully smart and talented and expert researchers hard at work building and improving even more Drones for our undefeatable Empire, these mistakes will be fixed and Drones will be the unstoppable killing and protecting machines they were always meant to be, all to the benefit of loyal citizens like you.***



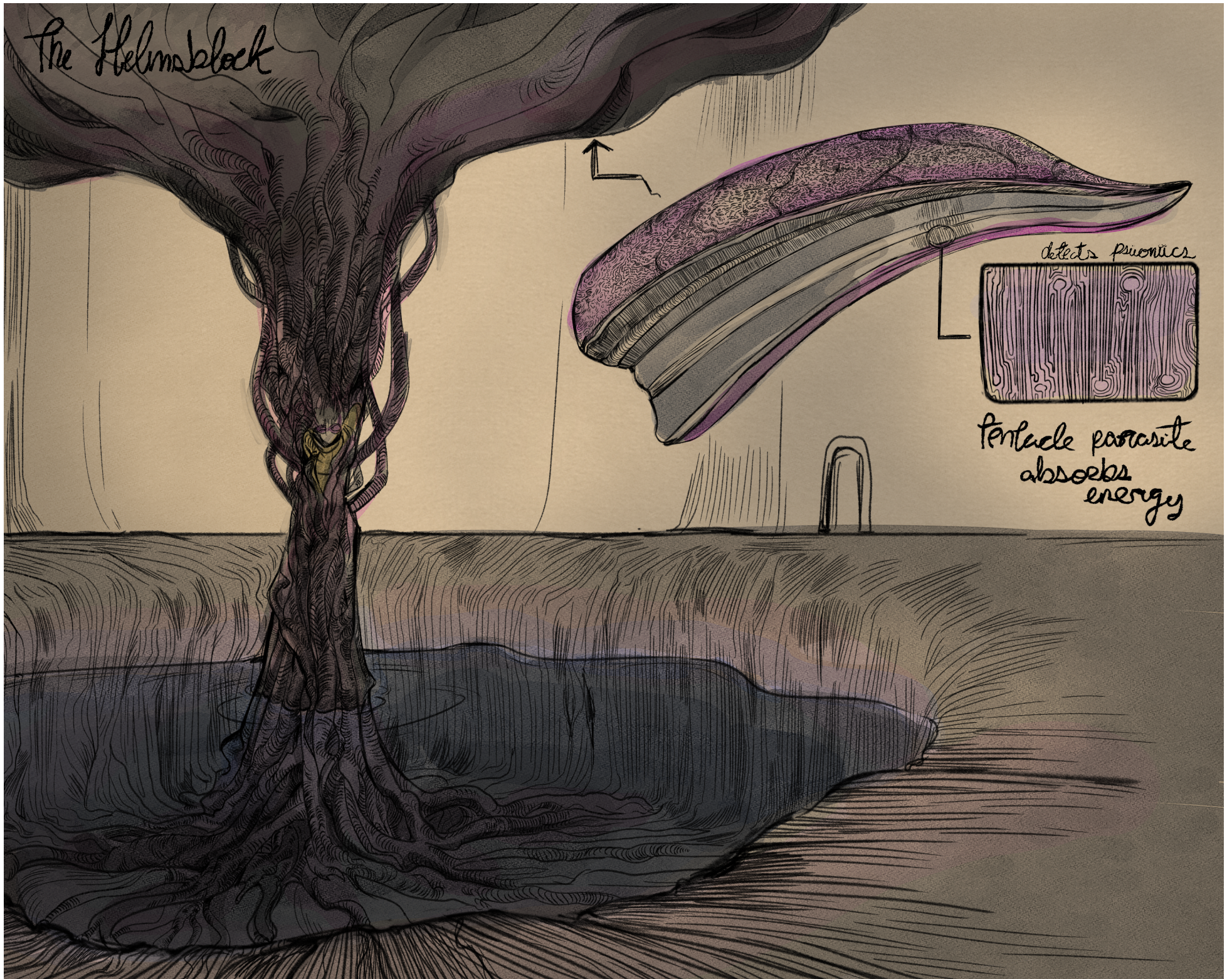


(*The author of this text discourages any and all use of this info to exploit, plan, or other/wise disrupt, dismantle, or disturb Drones and their functions.)

(**Seriously, don't do it. It's considered high treason, and you'll be given one of the worst punishments the Glorious Empress, Her Imperious Condescension, forever may she reign, can give you.)

(***I'm fucking warning you. Don't throw away your life and freedom for this, you dumb/ass.)

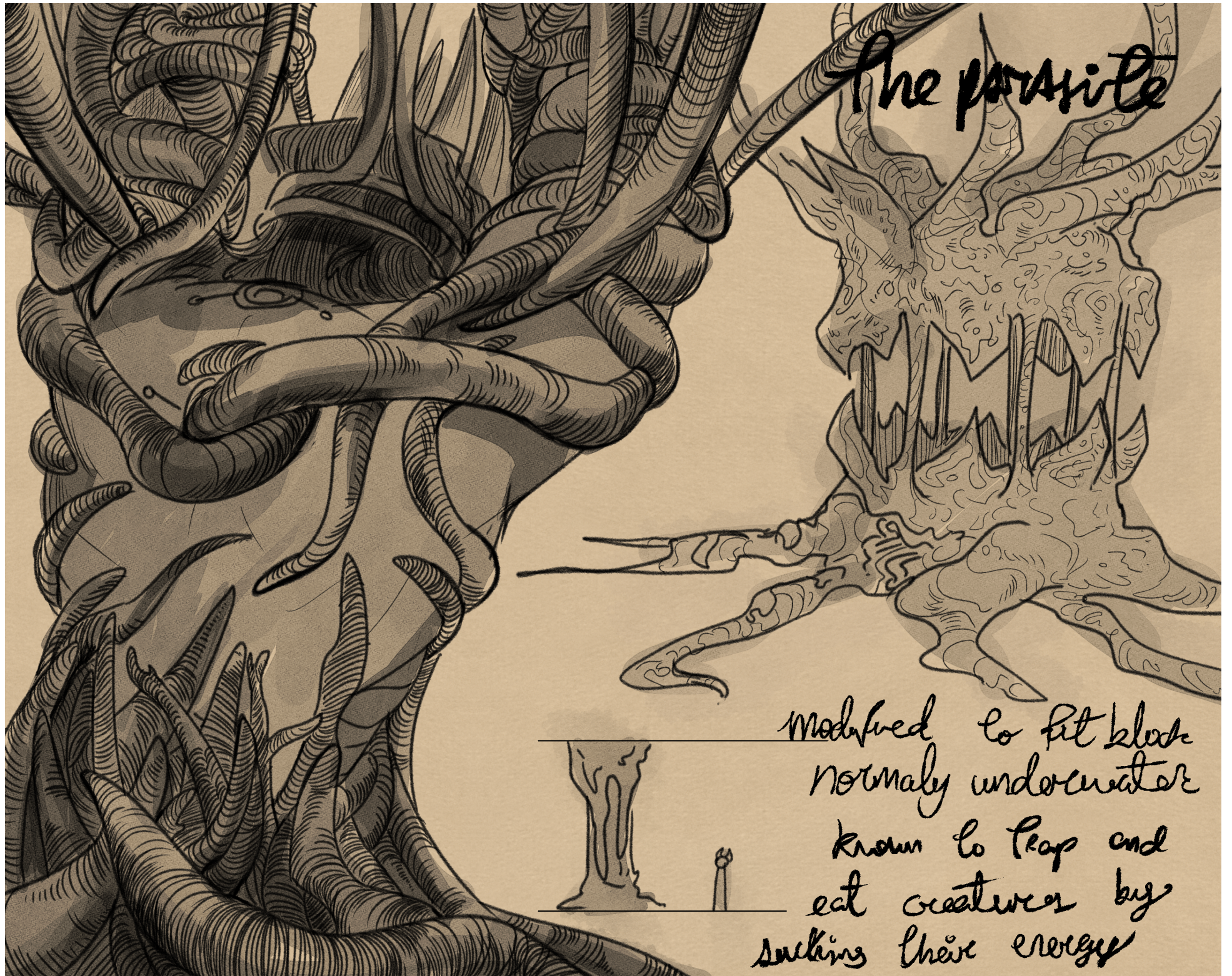




The Helmsblock

detects prionics

pentacle parasite
absorbs
energy

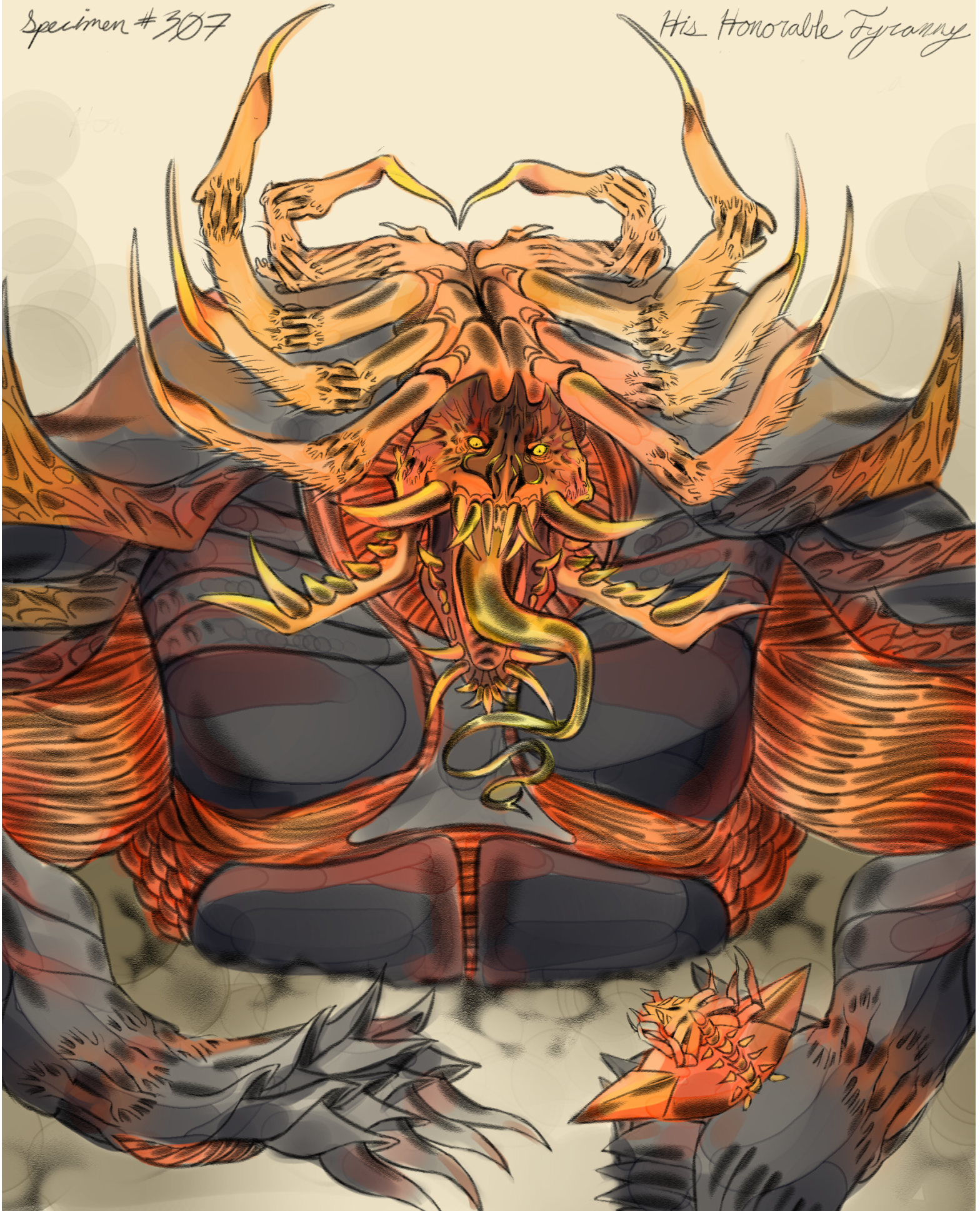


The parasite

Modified to fit black
normally under creator
known to trap and
eat creatures by
sucking their energy

Specimen #307

His Honorable Tyranny





Teeth are extremely similar to that of a normal Ram

Sketch drawn while observing it graze

Ram Lusus



Size comparison to a middle aged man

Rolol Cats

Felis roxus

I made these cuties with Frigglish DNA, carapacian chitin, and other sciencey stuff! Cloning is a hell of a drug...there's a lot of these guys around, lol.



Cutie claw pheets!
Careful tho, they're
sharp and will
wack up
your stuff!



Cuties have a lot
of cool defense
mechanisms that
actually make
them pretty
dangerous,
tbh!

Acidic spittle!
1 on the pH scale!!

Danger spike tail!
Scorpion rulez!!!



30 cm / 11.8 in

27 cm / 10.6 in

42 cm / 16.5 in

Introduction to Kernelsprite Composition and Anatomy



Fig. 1

The body of a post-entry sprite, be it single- or twice-prototyped, is made of hard-light.

Sprite bodies will visually mimic the component parts of each prototyping, but the overall texture of the sprite is consistent throughout its form.

Feathers, hair, scales, clothing, etc. will all feel identical to the touch. The best comparison that exists for the texture of a sprite body is a perfectly generic object.

The sprite can alter the physical aspect of its body in order to pass through solid matter, or to allow objects of solid matter to pass through its form.

The object will be visible as it phases through, the sprite's base color appears to "mix" with that of the object.

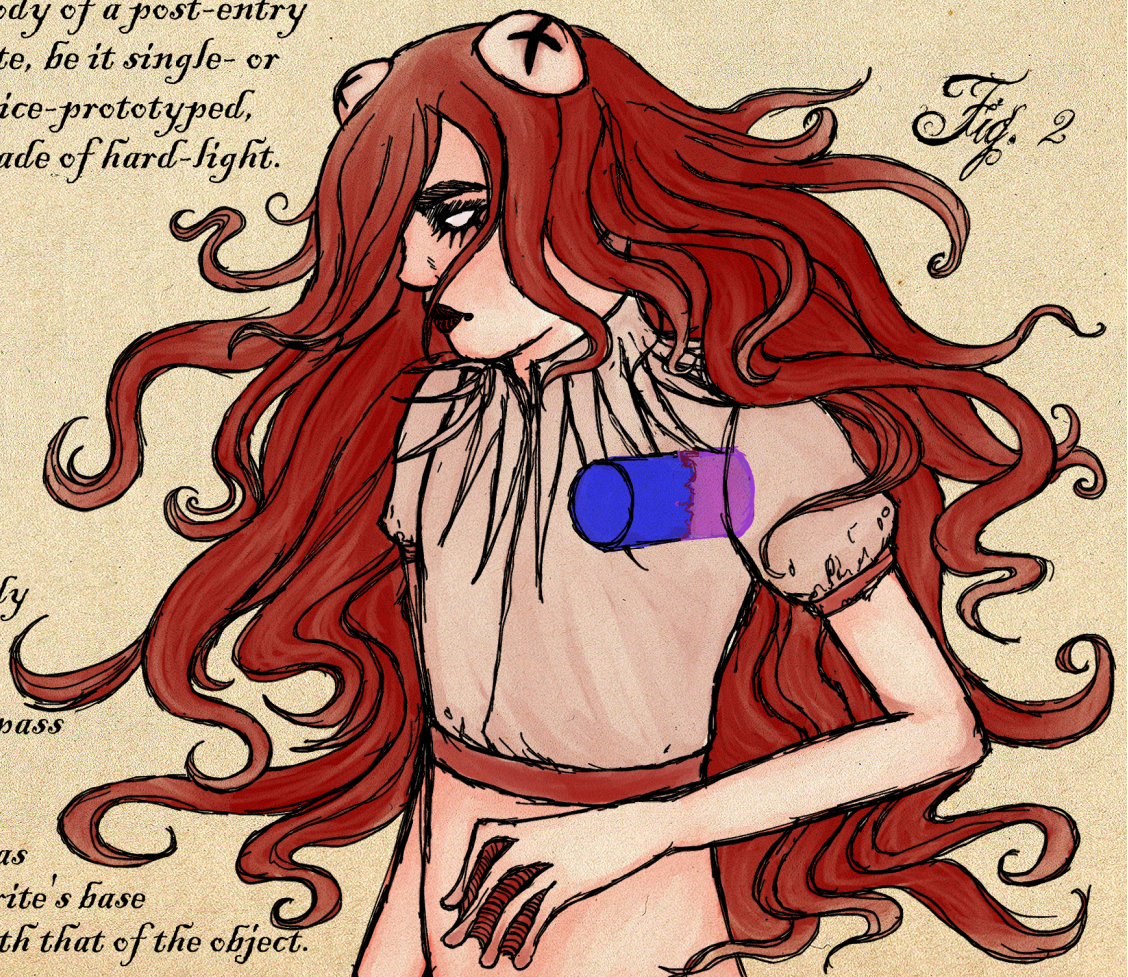
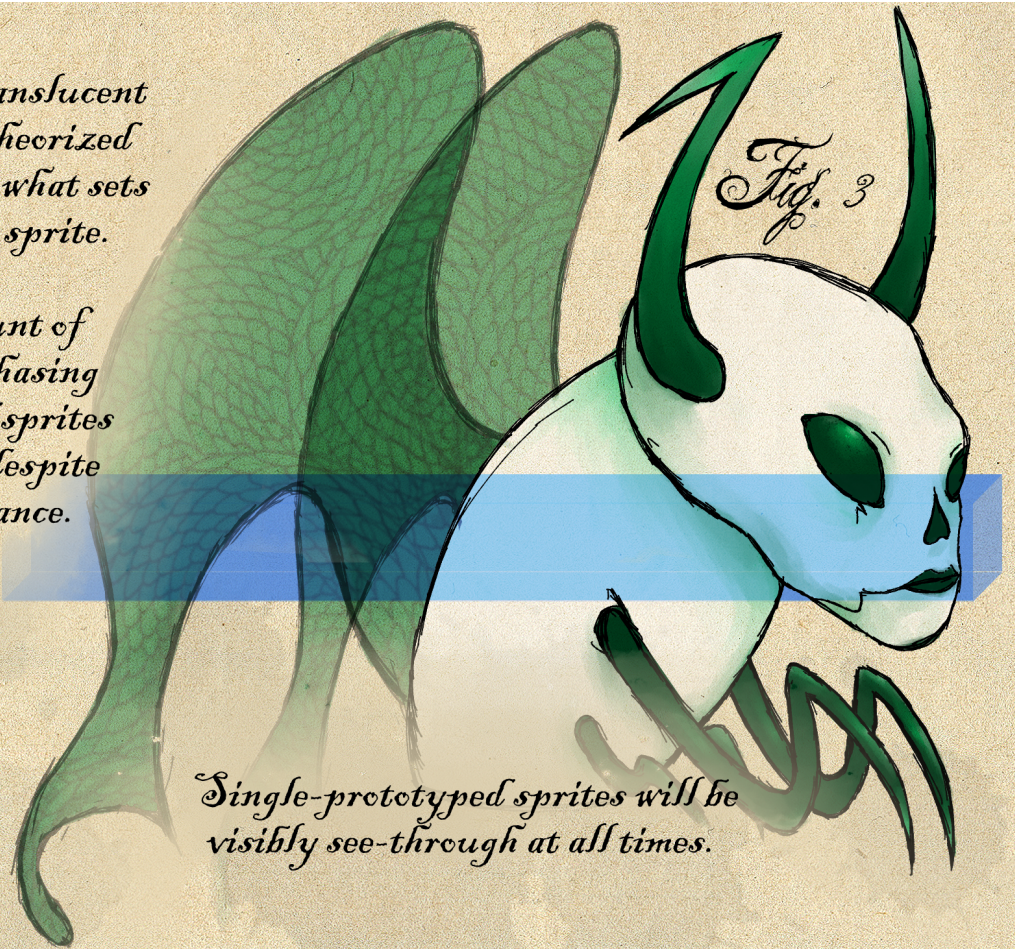


Fig. 2

Most sprites are slightly translucent at all times. It is currently theorized that the tier of prototyping is what sets the base translucence of the sprite.

It is unknown if the amount of prototypings affects the phasing ability, as once-prototyped sprites are still solid to the touch despite their spectre-like appearance.



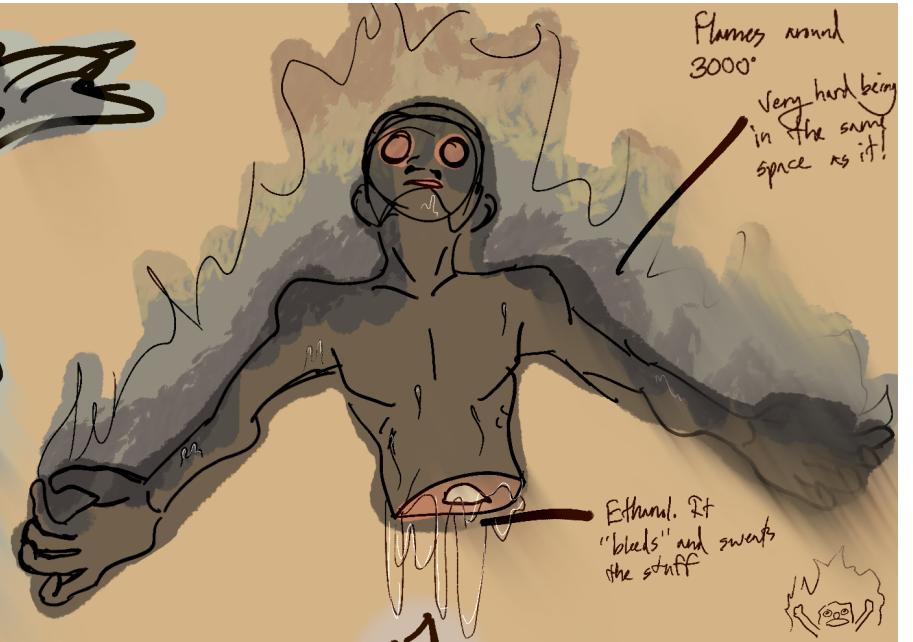
Single-prototyped sprites will be visibly see-through at all times.



The prototyping of a kernelsprite with an additional sprite is an area lacking in proper research, due to its rarity. "Squared" sprites have functional legs in addition to retaining their ability to fly. Overall, their forms seem to be more stable and physically solid. The aforementioned translucence does not appear to apply to them, and it is currently unknown if they are still capable of phasing. Perhaps noteworthy: the colors of their forms appear inconsistent; they seem to rapidly cycle between the colors of each kernel involved. Interesting to note that there is no visible "flash" except when recorded by an image capture device, rather a shift so rapid it renders the viewer unable to focus on the sprite properly. Observers have likened it to viewing an afterimage.



No mammary glands. Breasts for aesthetic reasons & fat storage?



Planes around 3000°
Very hard being in the same space as it!

Edhural. It "bleeds" and sweats the stuff

Echidna Hephaestus



Typhew

Cestus

Skin made up of tiny interlocking scales

Dark sclera



serrated teeth, multiple rows



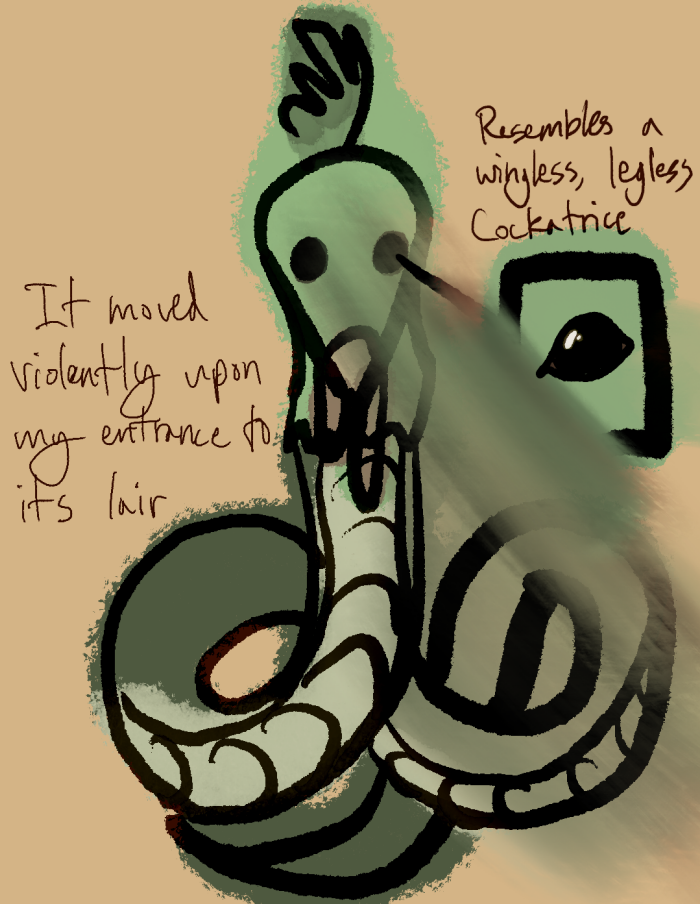
Resembles a giant Wels Catfish

Skin(?) seems to be made of marble



Two parts of a whole?

The sashes appear to not be a part of the organism



Resembles a wingless, legless Cockatrice

It moved violently upon my entrance to its lair



Holy cow!!

This thing is big and bright! Even with its eyes and mouth closed I could tell that they emit light.

Body segmented like an earthworm



My Favorite Near-Death Experience!

The Leprechaun

- green men,,

COMMON SUBSPECIES —

frog & toad humanoids



smallest claws



stretchable webbing

wide eyes

skin tones vary

human-like skull structure is most common



gills are only over the rib area



Lighter tones are more common



darker for the uncommon subspecies

RARE subspecies — alligator subspecies

- powerful jaws
- bulkier than uncommon to support weight

- smaller eyes
- fin structure
- stronger senses
- bulkier

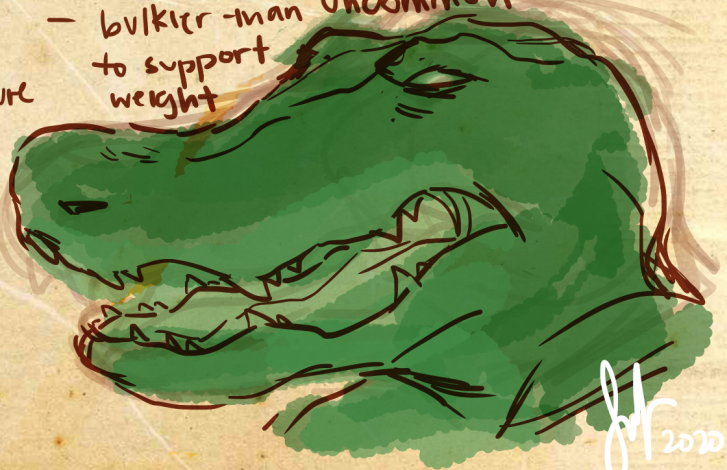


Type 1



Uncommon subspecies

shark humanoid.
(see next pages)



2020

The Common Subspecies



toad

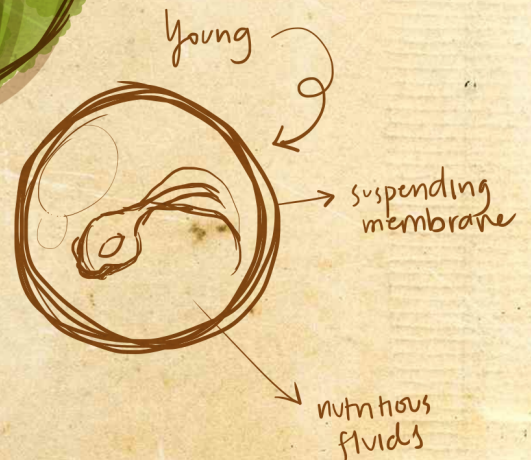


△ In some rare cases, they retain their tadpole tail but is more likely to happen to the frog subspecies



bumps on the back, some on the head, & over the shoulders

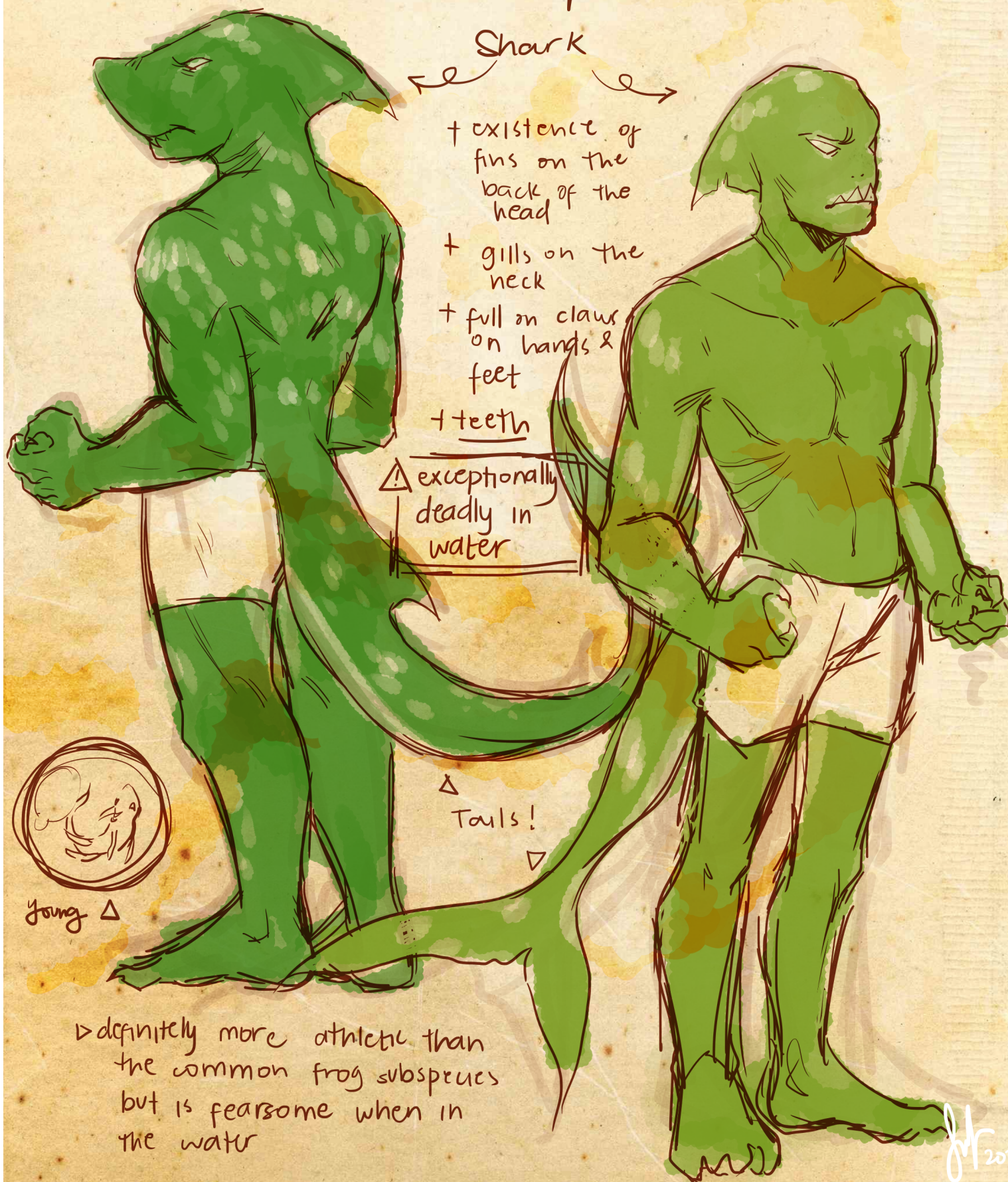
△ the toad subspecies is bulkier than the frog subspecies



△ the feet are more human, but lower body strength is naturally exponential

JK 2020

The Uncommon Subspecies



The Rare Subspecies

The Reptilian Subspecies

- is normally top-heavy



Reptilian young

*the tail either falls or stays on



snout

subtle & softer scales

still has gills

also has claws



young hybrid

sometimes they have tails

however the purpose of it is mostly for balance



the frog-Reptilian subspecies hybrid

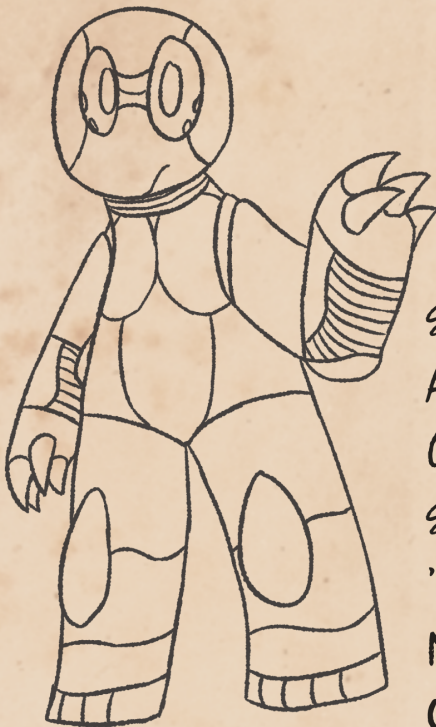
Jul 2020

I was lucky that several of them I befriended were comfortable enough with me sketching them.

GLITTER

DEFENSE ★ ☆ ☆
OFFENSE ★ ★ ☆
AGILITY ★ ★ ★

Black Queen



Second rarest type

Allows for quick and silent movement, perfect assassins

Curved plates

Shell is sometimes dual-colored

"Glitters" under light

Normally unseen on the Battlefield

Often take after the arts and are high-ranking

"Stars under shell" saying comes from their appearance

Maximum undershell exposed



Agent
Hadron
Kaleido

CRYSTALLINE

DEFENSE ★ ★ ★ Archagent
OFFENSE ★ ★ ★ Mobius Trip
AGILITY ★ ☆ ☆

Rarest type

Make brilliant tanks

Crystalline, incredibly thick shell, is tough to break

Light catches like a faceted gemstone

Many Battlefield soldiers sport this shell type

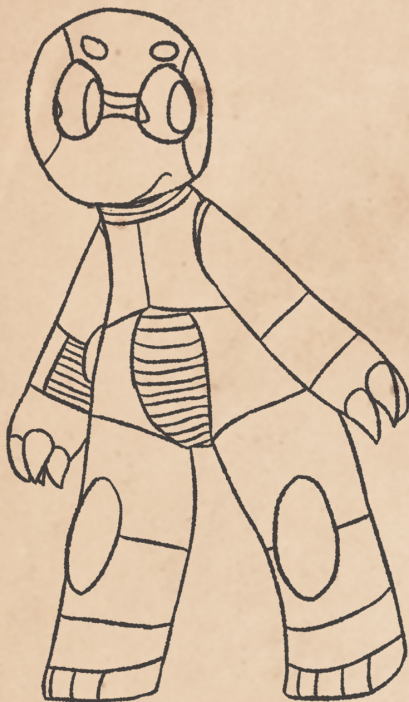
Crystalline growths cover joints, making movements slow and stiff.

No two are alike



I've found carapacians come in 4 distinct shell types, often based off their job.
They can also denote class. Each have pros and cons.

COMMON



DEFENSE ★ ★ ★
OFFENSE ★ ★ ★
AGILITY ★ ★ ★

Archagent
Jack Noir



Most common

Jack-of-all-trades

One solid, shiny color

Capable of many jobs

Minimal undershell exposed



White King

SPINE



DEFENSE ★ ★ ★
OFFENSE ★ ★ ★
AGILITY ★ ★ ★

Common in fighters

Sharper claws for melee

Sharp plate edges

Trademark back spikes

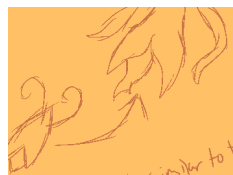
Minimal undershell exposed

"Common's sharper cousin"

One solid, shiny color



Agent
Authority
Regulator



Forms may be similar to things
in our reality?

Why? = ???
Silly = ???
Kwert = ???
non-translatable?

Horror Terrors + Hierarchy

as observed by Minizu



- All Terrors look different
- Most terrors do have multiple tentacles

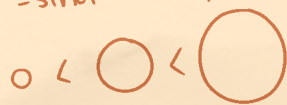
- Terrors come into existence knowing their place

- Tasks can range from Slyth to Y'Ve'ehyt

- Middling Gods only serve the nobles
- resistance is dealt with by violence



- Largest is in charge
- Called the "Noble Circle"
- The shall serve the large
- strict hierarchy



- role is dependant on body size



Even the smallest terror over cities

Noble Circle
↑
Middling Gods
↑
Smaller Gods



*Not to scale

Horror Terror Players

Players found in the void for a prolonged amount of time. Mutations are assumed to start at the chest and spread from there, front or back do not matter. Usually in a blistering tumor like formation. (Fig.1)

Passive v. Active?

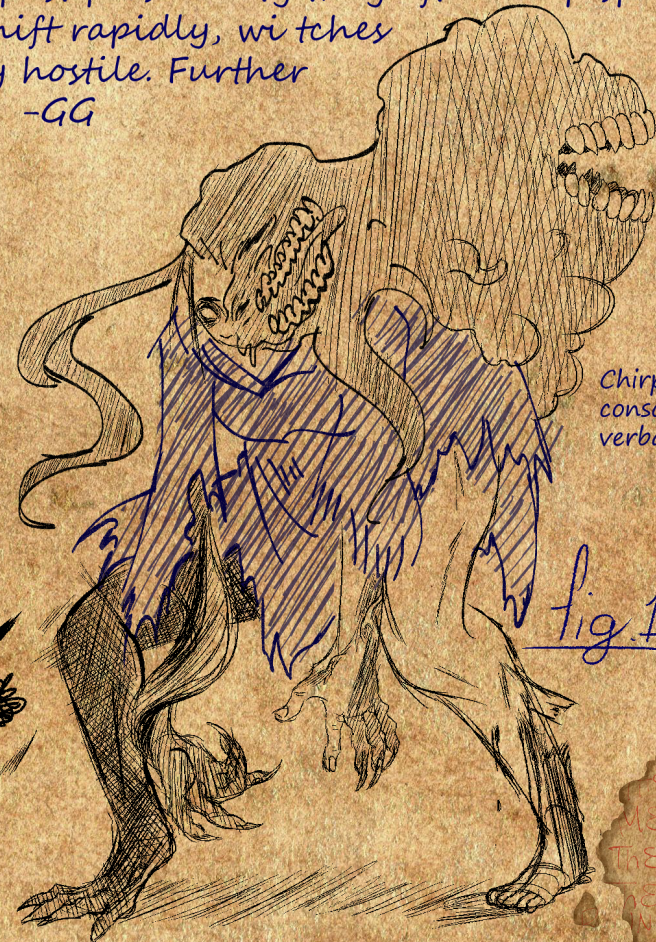
Passive classes such as the heir take longer to shift. Depending on the player's past personality they often keep speech skills. Active classes shift rapidly, witches being extremely hostile. Further studies needed. -GG

Heir - Week 10



Witch - Week 3

pm



Chirps, usually no conscious or verbal understanding

fig.1

if you see me they see all they call for me please also run in run run

Who is TIC?

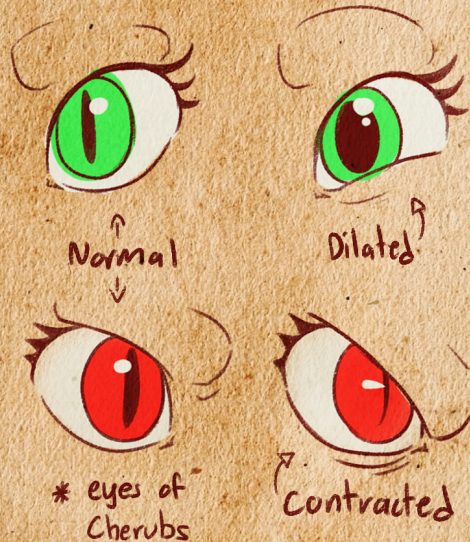


109

The Cherubs

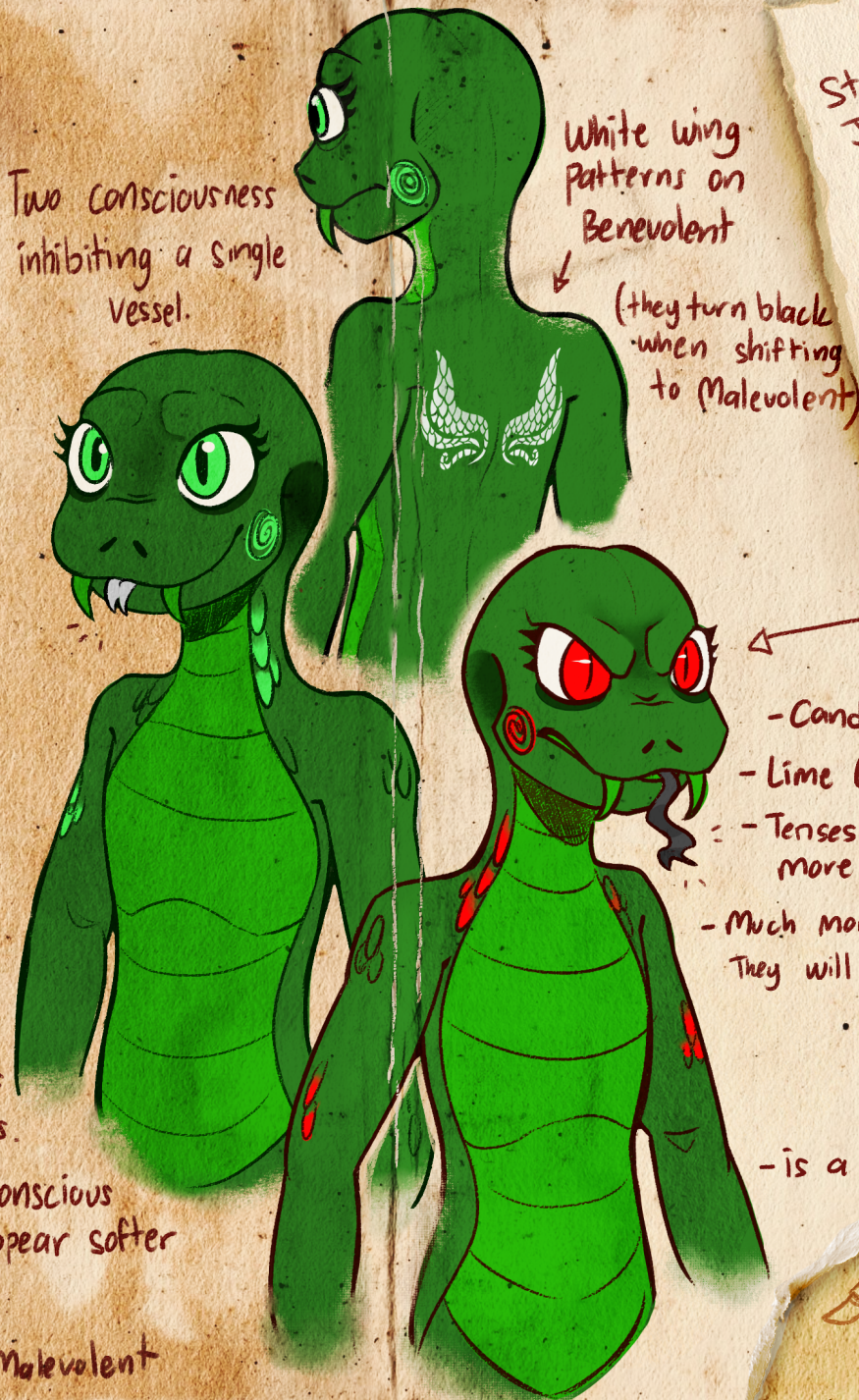
Notes by Spacey Xandy

Two consciousness
inhibiting a single
vessel.



Benevolent

- Lime green eyes & cheek swirls
- Presence of lime green scales.
- More rounded features, a conscious decision by Benevolent to appear softer & more friendly to others.
- Much better company than Malevolent



Strong Jaws

ALMOST
LOST
MY ARM



Malevolent

- Candy Red eyes & cheek swirls
- Lime Green scales shift to Candy Red
- Tenses up body to appear sharper & more threatening.
- Much more aggressive than Benevolent. They will hiss at you.

- is a little BIT more to the point to the arapacians



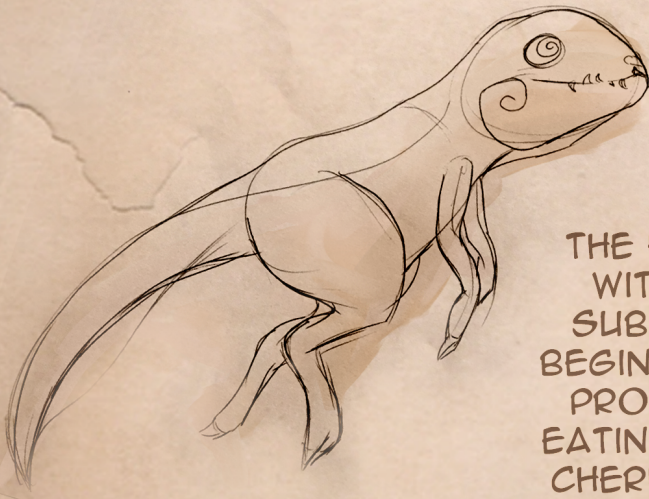
SPACED
OUT
XANDY

CHERUB LIFE CYCLE: INFANCY TO ADOLESCENCE

VERY POWERFUL
BEINGS, RED CHEEKS
FOR MALEVOLENT,
GREEN FOR
BENEVOLENT.



THE CHERUB
HATCHES FROM A
HUMBLE EGG.



THE EGG IS FILLED
WITH A SUGARY
SUBSTANCE THAT
BEGINS THE GROWTH
PROCESS. AFTER
EATING THE EGG THE
CHERUB STARTS TO
GROW LIMBS.



Cherub

PL Cherubim



Fig. 1. Skull/Cheeks

Lattice of guanine nanocrystals in cheeks
Green is relaxed
Red is excited

HAVE SEEN OTHER COLOR COMBINATIONS, ALWAYS HOT AND COLD COLORS

Fig. 2. Mouth/Tongue

Tongue is used to detect pheromones



Vomer nasal organ in nasal cavity

Much like cheeks, color-changing

Exoskeleton, soft parts limited to head and tail

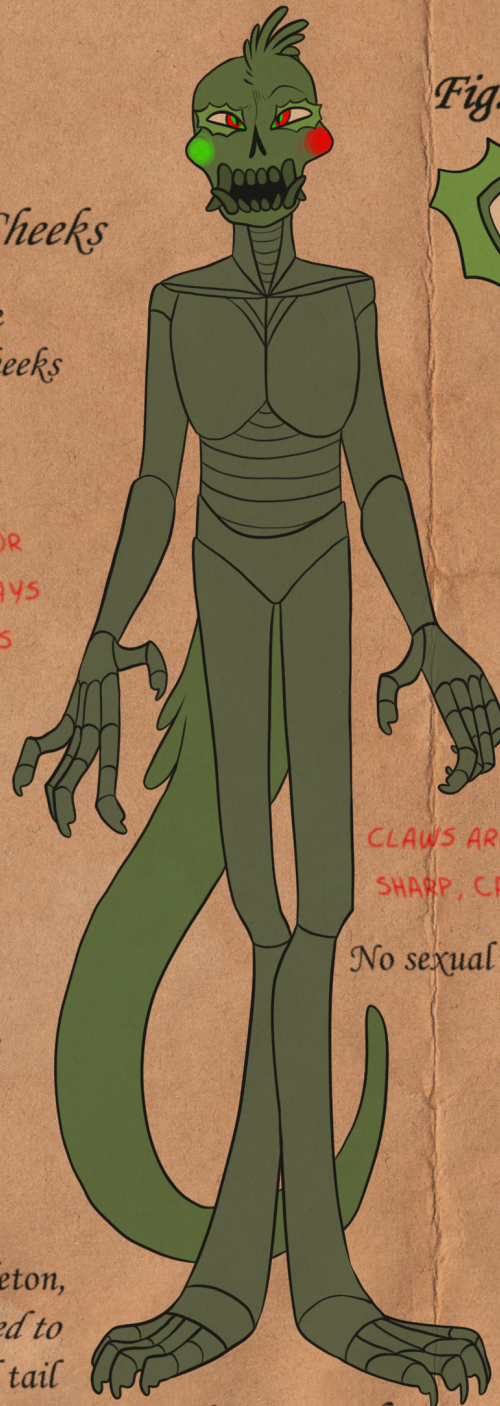


Fig. 3. Body

Fig. 4. Eyes



CLAWS ARE VERY SHARP, CAREFUL!!

No sexual dimorphism

Fig. 5. Wings/Tail

LIKE EARTH DERMAPTERA



Wings grow with age, as they start to develop at 13 units
They cannot be used for flight until 18 units

Wings become fully white or black as soon as a single consciousness takes over completely

Tails can regrow if cut

Credits

Mods - alphabetically

Autumn- AutumnWyvermn - Twitter

Goblin- glassgoblin - Twitter

Taab- tastelesgelatin - Twitter

Void- exoskeletalV - Twitter

Artists and Writers - in order of appearance

UltraDeadArt- ultradeadart - Tumblr

Eva- WorstGirlEva - Twitter

Danny- cottonflurry - Twitter

Khiara- KhiaraMoon - Twitter

Dirk Sandman- TheRealDSandman - Twitter

Rorik Savant- NagleGarne - Twitter

Gizmo- gizmotherobo - Twitter

s4nslcal- ArtS4ns - Twitter

Leo- pi3shark - Twitter

Goblin- glassgoblin - Twitter

Coffee- CCats900 - Twitter

AJ- duetland - Twitter

gl1tchm4g3- gl1tchm4g3 - Twitter

Ben- arsenic.bite - Instagram

Sol- soltytears - Twitter

Angel- CntrolCoreAngel - Twitter

Mimichu- mimichu94745 - Twitter

Lil-Nort- nortlil - Twitter

Spacey Xandy- spaced-out-xandy - Tumblr

Meggo- meggodoodlesscraps - instagram

Ghost- AngelicAphelion - Twitter